

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."—SHAKESPEARE.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

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GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

As I had grown accustomed to my expectations, I had insensibly begun to notice their effect upon myself and those around me. Their influence on my own character, I disguised from my recognition as much as possible, but I knew very well that it was not all good. I lived in a state of chronic uneasiness respecting my behaviour to Joe. My conscience was not by any means comfortable about Biddy. When I woke up in the night—like Camilla—I used to think, with a weariness on my spirits, that I should have been happier and better if I had never seen Miss Havisham's face, and had risen to manhood content to be partners with Joe in the honest old forge. Many a time of an evening, when I sat alone, looking at the fire, I thought, after all there was no fire like the forge fire and the kitchen fire at home.

Yet Estella was so inseparable from all my restlessness and disquiet of mind, that I really fell into confusion as to the limits of my own part in its production. That is to say, supposing I had had no expectations, and yet had had Estella to think of, I could not make out to my satisfaction that I should have done much better. Now, concerning the influence of my position on others, I was in no such difficulty, and so I perceived—though dimly enough, perhaps—that it was not beneficial to anybody, and, above all, that it was not beneficial to Herbert. My lavish habits led his easy nature into expenses that he could not afford, corrupted the simplicity of his life, and disturbed his peace with anxieties and regrets. I was not at all remorseful for having unwittingly set those other branches of the Pocket family to the poor arts they practised: because such littleesses were their natural bent, and would have been evoked by anybody else, if I had left them slumbering. But Herbert's was a very different case, and it often caused me a twinge to think that I had done him evil service in crowding his sparsely-furnished chambers with incongruous upholstery work, and placing the canary-breasted Avenger at his disposal.

So now, as an infallible way of making little ease great ease, I began to contract a quantity

of debt. I could hardly begin but Herbert must begin too, so he soon followed. At Startop's suggestion, we put ourselves down for election into a club called The Finches of the Grove: the object of which institution I have never divined, if it were not that the members should dine expensively once a fortnight, to quarrel among themselves as much as possible after dinner, and to cause six waiters to get drunk on the stairs. I know that these gratifying social ends were so invariably accomplished, that Herbert and I understood nothing else to be referred to in the first standing toast of the society: which ran "Gentlemen, may the present promotion of good feeling ever reign predominant among the Finches of the Grove."

The Finches spent their money foolishly (the Hotel we dined at was in Covent-garden), and the first Finch I saw, when I had the honour of joining the Grove, was Bentley Drummle: at that time floundering about town in a cab of his own, and doing a great deal of damage to the posts at the street corners. Occasionally, he shot himself out of his equipage head-foremost over the apron; and I saw him on one occasion deliver himself at the door of the Grove in this unintentional way—like coals. But here I anticipate a little, for I was not a Finch, and could not be, according to the sacred laws of the society, until I came of age.

In my confidence in my own resources, I would willingly have taken Herbert's expenses on myself; but Herbert was proud, and I could make no such proposal to him. So, he got into difficulties in every direction, and continued to look about him. When we gradually fell into keeping late hours and late company, I noticed that he looked about him with a despondent eye at breakfast-time; that he began to look about him more hopefully about mid-day; that he drooped when he came in to dinner; that he seemed to deserv Capital in the distance rather clearly, after dinner; that he all but realised Capital towards midnight; and that at about two o'clock in the morning, he became so deeply despondent again as to talk of buying a rifle and going to America, with a general purpose of compelling buffaloes to make his fortune.

I was usually at Hammersmith about half the week, and when I was at Hammersmith I haunted Richmond: whereof separately by-and-by. Herbert would often come to Hammersmith

when I was there, and I think at those seasons his father would occasionally have some passing perception that the opening he was looking for, had not appeared yet. But in the general tumbling up of the family, his tumbling out in life somewhere, was a thing to transact itself somehow. In the mean time Mr. Pocket grew greyer, and tried oftener to lift himself out of his perplexities by the hair. While Mrs. Pocket tripped up the family with her footstool, read her book of dignities, lost her pocket-handkerchief, told us about her grandpapa, and taught the young idea how to shoot, by shooting it into bed whenever it attracted her notice.

As I am now generalising a period of my life with the object of clearing the way before me, I can scarcely do so better than by at once completing the description of our usual manners and customs at Barnard's Inn.

We spent as much money as we could, and got as little for it as people could make up their minds to give us. We were always more or less miserable, and most of our acquaintance were in the same condition. There was a gay fiction among us that we were constantly enjoying ourselves, and a skeleton truth that we never did. To the best of my belief, our case was in the last aspect a rather common one.

Every morning, with an air ever new, Herbert went into the City to look about him. I often paid him a visit in the dark back-room in which he consorted with an ink-jar, a hat-peg, a coal-box, a string-box, an almanack, a desk and stool, and a ruler; and I do not remember that I ever saw him do anything else but look about him. If we all did what we undertake to do, as faithfully as Herbert did, we might live in a Republic of the Virtues. He had nothing else to do, poor fellow, except at a certain hour of every afternoon to "go to Lloyd's"—in observance of a ceremony of seeing his principal, I think. He never did anything else in connexion with Lloyd's that I could find out, except come back again. When he felt his case unusually serious, and that he positively must find an opening, he would go on 'Change at the busy time, and walk in and out, in a kind of gloomy country dance figure, among the assembled magnates. "For," says Herbert to me, coming home to dinner on one of these special occasions, "I find the truth to be, Handel, that an opening won't come to one, but one must go to it—so I have been."

If we had been less attached to one another, I think we must have hated one another regularly every morning. I detested the chambers beyond expression at that period of repentance, and could not endure the sight of the Avenger's livery: which had a more expensive and a less remunerative appearance then, than at any other time in the four-and-twenty hours. As we got more and more into debt, breakfast became a hollower and hollower form, and, being on one occasion at breakfast-time threatened (by letter) with legal proceedings, "not unwholly unconnected," as my local paper might put it, "with Jewellery," I went so far as to seize the Avenger

by his blue collar and shake him off his feet—so that he was actually in the air, like a booted Cupid—for presuming to suppose that we wanted a roll.

At certain times—meaning at uncertain times, for they depended on our humour—I would say to Herbert, as if it were a remarkable discovery:

"My dear Herbert, we are getting on badly."

"My dear Handel," Herbert would say to me, in all sincerity, "if you will believe me, those very words were on my lips, by a strange coincidence."

"Then, Herbert," I would respond, "let us look into our affairs."

We always derived profound satisfaction from making an appointment for this purpose. I always thought this was business, this was the way to confront the thing, this was the way to take the foe by the throat. And I know Herbert thought so too.

We ordered something rather special for dinner, with a bottle of something similarly out of the common way, in order that our minds might be fortified for the occasion, and we might come well up to the mark. Dinner over, we produced a bundle of pens, a copious supply of ink, and a goodly show of writing and blotting paper. For, there was something very comfortable in having plenty of stationery.

I would then take a sheet of paper, and write across the top of it, in a neat hand, the heading, "Memorandum of Pip's debts;" with Barnard's Inn and the date very carefully added. Herbert would also take a sheet of paper, and write across it with similar formalities, "Memorandum of Herbert's debts."

Each of us would then refer to a confused heap of papers at his side, which had been thrown into drawers, worn into holes in pockets, half-burnt in lighting candles, stuck for weeks into the looking-glass, and otherwise damaged. The sound of our pens going, refreshed us exceedingly, insomuch that I sometimes found it difficult to distinguish between this edifying business proceeding and actually paying the money. In point of meritorious character, the two things seemed about equal.

When we had written a little while, I would ask Herbert how he got on? Herbert probably would have been scratching his head in a most rueful manner at the sight of his accumulating figures.

"They are mounting up, Handel," Herbert would say; "upon my life, they are mounting up."

"Be firm, Herbert," I would retort, plying my own pen with great assiduity. "Look the thing in the face. Look into your affairs. Stare them out of countenance."

"So I would, Handel, only they are staring me out of countenance."

However, my determined manner would have its effect, and Herbert would fall to work again. After a time, he would give up once more, on the plea that he had not got Cobbs's bill, or Lobbs's, or Nobbs's, as the case might be.

"Then, Herbert, estimate it; estimate it in round numbers, and put it down."

"What a fellow of resource you are!" my friend would reply, with admiration. "Really your business powers are very remarkable."

I thought so too. I established with myself on these occasions, the reputation of a first-rate man of business—prompt, decisive, energetic, clear, cool-headed. When I had got all my responsibilities down upon my list, I compared each with the bill, and ticked it off. My self-approval when I ticked an entry was quite a luxurious sensation. When I had no more ticks to make, I folded all my bills up uniformly, docketed each on the back, and tied the whole into a symmetrical bundle. Then, I did the same for Herbert (who modestly said he had not my administrative genius), and felt that I had brought his affairs into a focus for him.

My business habits had one other bright feature, which I called, "leaving a Margin." For example; supposing Herbert's debts to be one hundred and sixty-four pounds four-and-twopence, I would say, "leave a margin, and put them down at two hundred." Or supposing my own to be four times as much, I would leave a margin, and put them down at seven hundred. I had the highest opinion of the wisdom of this same Margin, but I am bound to acknowledge that on looking back, I deem it to have been an expensive device. For, we always ran into new debt immediately, to the full extent of the margin, and sometimes, in the sense of freedom and solvency it imparted, got pretty far on into another margin.

But there was a calm, a rest, a virtuous hush, consequent on these examinations of our affairs that gave me, for the time, an admirable opinion of myself. Soothed by my exertions, my method, and Herbert's compliments, I would sit with his symmetrical bundle and my own on the table before me among the stationery, and feel like a Bank of some sort, rather than a private individual.

We shut our outer door on these solemn occasions, in order that we might not be interrupted. I had fallen into my serene state one evening, when we heard a letter dropped through the slit in the said door, and fall on the ground. "It's for you, Handel," said Herbert, going out and coming back with it, "and I hope there is nothing the matter." This was in allusion to its heavy black seal and border.

The letter was signed TRABB & CO., and its contents were simply, that I was an honoured sir, and that they begged to inform me that Mrs. J. Gargery had departed this life on Monday last, at twenty minutes past six in the evening, and that my attendance was requested at the interment on Monday next at three o'clock in the afternoon.

CHAPTER XXXV.

It was the first time that a grave had opened in my road of life, and the gap it made in the smooth ground was wonderful. The figure

of my sister in her chair by the kitchen fire, haunted me night and day. That the place could possibly be, without her, was something my mind seemed unable to compass; and whereas she had seldom or never been in my thoughts of late, I had now the strangest ideas that she was coming towards me in the street, or that she would presently knock at the door. In my rooms too, with which she had never been at all associated, there was at once the blankness of death and a perpetual suggestion of the sound of her voice or the turn of her face or figure, as if she were still alive and had been often there.

Whatever my fortunes might have been, I could scarcely have recalled my sister with much tenderness. But I suppose there is a shock of regret which may exist without much tenderness. Under its influence (and perhaps to make up for the want of the softer feeling) I was seized with a violent indignation against the assailant from whom she had suffered so much; and I felt that on sufficient proof I could have revengefully pursued Orlick, or any one else, to the last extremity.

Having written to Joe, to offer consolation, and to assure him that I should come to the funeral, I passed the intermediate days in the curious state of mind I have glanced at. I went down early in the morning, and alighted at the Blue Boar in good time to walk over to the forge.

It was fine summer weather again, and, as I walked along, the time when I was a little helpless creature, and my sister did not spare me, vividly returned. But they returned with a gentle tone upon them that softened even the edge of Tickler. For now, the very breath of the beans and clover whispered to my heart that the day must come when it would be well for my memory that others walking in the sunshine should be softened as they thought of me.

At last I came within sight of the house, and saw that Trabb and Co. had put in a funeral execution and taken possession. Two damably absurd persons, each ostentatiously exhibiting a crutch done up in a black bandage—as if that instrument could possibly communicate any comfort to anybody—were posted at the front door; and in one of them I recognised a postboy discharged from the Boar for turning a young couple into a sawpit on their bridal morning, in consequence of intoxication rendering it necessary for him to ride his horse clasped round the neck with both arms. All the children of the village, and most of the women, were admiring these sable warders and the closed windows of the house and forge; and as I came up, one of the two warders (the postboy) knocked at the door—implying that I was far too much exhausted by grief, to have strength remaining to knock for myself.

Another sable warden (a carpenter, who had once eaten two geese for a wager) opened the door, and showed me into the best parlour. Here, Mr. Trabb had taken unto himself the best table, and had got all the leaves up, and was

holding a kind of black Bazaar, with the aid of a quantity of black pins. At the moment of my arrival, he had just finished putting somebody's hat into black long-clothes, like an African baby; so he held out his hand for mine. But I, misled by the action, and confused by the occasion, shook hands with him with every testimony of warm affection.

Poor dear Joe, entangled in a little black cloak tied in a large bow under his chin, was seated apart at the upper end of the room; where, as chief mourner, he had evidently been stationed by Trabb. When I bent down and said to him, "Dear Joe, how are you?" he said, "Pip, old chap, you knowed her when she were a fine figure of a—" and clasped my hand and said no more.

Biddy, looking very neat and modest in her black dress, went quietly here and there, and was very helpful. When I had spoken to Biddy, as I thought it not a time for talking I went and sat down near Joe, and there began to wonder in what part of the house it—she—my sister—was. The air of the parlour being faint with the smell of sweet cake, I looked about for the table of refreshments; it was scarcely visible until one had got accustomed to the gloom, but there was a cut-up plum cake upon it, and there were cut-up oranges, and sandwiches, and biscuits, and two decanters that I knew very well as ornaments, but had never seen used in all my life; one full of port, and one of sherry. Standing at this table, I became conscious of the servile Pumblechook in a black cloak and several yards of hatband, who was alternately stuffing himself, and making obsequious movements to catch my attention. The moment he succeeded, he came over to me (breathing sherry and crumbs), and said in a subdued voice, "May I, dear sir?" and did. I then descreed Mr. and Mrs. Hubble; the last-named in a decent speechless paroxysm in a corner. We were all going to "follow," and were all in course of being tied up separately (by Trabb) into ridiculous bundles.

"Which I meandersay, Pip," Joe whispered me, as we were being what Mr. Trabb called "formed" in the parlour, two and two—and it was dreadfully like a preparation for some grim kind of dance; "which I meandersay, sir, as I would in preference have carried her to the church myself, along with three or four friendly ones wot come to it with willing harts and arms, but it were considered wot the neighbours would look down on such and would be of opinions as it were wanting in respect."

"Pocket-handkerchiefs out, all!" cried Mr. Trabb at this point, in depressed business-like voice. "Pocket-handkerchiefs out! We are ready!"

So, we all put our pocket-handkerchiefs to our faces, as if our noses were bleeding, and filed out two and two; Joe and I; Biddy and Pumblechook; Mr. and Mrs. Hubble. The remains of my poor sister had been brought round by the kitchen door; and, it being a point of Undertaking ceremony that the six bearers

must be stifled and blinded under a horrible black velvet housing with a white border, the whole looked like a blind monster with twelve human legs, shuffling and blundering along, under the guidance of two keepers—the postboy and his comrade.

The neighbourhood, however, highly approved of these arrangements, and we were much admired as we went through the village; the more youthful and vigorous part of the community making dashes now and then to cut us off, and lying in wait to intercept us at points of vantage. At such times the more exuberant among them called out in an excited manner on our emergence round some corner of expectancy, "*Here they come!*" "*Here they are!*" and we were all but cheered. In this progress I was much annoyed by the abject Pumblechook, who, being behind me, persisted all the way as a delicate attention in arranging my streaming hatband and smoothing my cloak. My thoughts were further distracted by the excessive pride of Mr. and Mrs. Hubble, who were surpassingly conceited and vainglorious in being members of so distinguished a procession.

And now, the range of marshes lay clear before us, with the sails of the ships on the river growing out of it; and we went into the churchyard, close to the graves of my unknown parents, Philip Pirrip, late of this parish, and Also Georgiana, Wife of the Above. And there, my sister was laid quietly in the earth while the larks sang high above it, and the light wind strewed it with beautiful shadows of clouds and trees.

Of the conduct of the worldly-minded Pumblechook while this was doing, I desire to say no more than it was all addressed to me; and that even when those noble passages were read which remind humanity how it brought nothing into the world and can take nothing out, and how it fleeth like a shadow and never continueth long in one stay, I heard him cough a reservation of the case of a young gentleman who came unexpectedly into large property. When we got back, he had the hardihood to tell me that he wished my sister could have known I had done her so much honour, and to hint that she would have considered it reasonably purchased, at the price of her death. After that, he drank all the rest of the sherry, and Mr. Hubble drank the port, and the two talked (which I have since observed to be customary in such cases), as if they were of quite another race from the deceased, and were notoriously immortal. Finally, he went away with Mr. and Mrs. Hubble—to make an evening of it, I felt sure, and to tell the Jolly Bargeemen that he was the founder of my fortunes and my earliest benefactor.

When they were all gone, and when Trabb and his men—but not his boy: I looked for him—had crammed their mummery into bags, and were gone too, the house felt wholersomer. Soon afterwards, Biddy, Joe, and I, had a cold dinner together; but we dined in the best par-

lour, not in the old kitchen, and Joe was so exceedingly particular what he did with his knife and fork and the salt-cellars and what not, that there was great restraint upon us. But after dinner, when I made him take his pipe, and when I had loitered with him about the forge, and when we sat down together on the great block of stone outside it, we got on better. I noticed that after the funeral Joe changed his clothes so far, as to make a compromise between his Sunday dress and working dress: in which the dear fellow looked natural and like the Man he was.

He was very much pleased by my asking if I might sleep in my own little room, and I was pleased too; for I felt that I had done rather a great thing in making the request. When the shadows of evening were closing in, I took an opportunity of getting into the garden with Biddy for a little talk.

"Biddy," said I, "I think you might have written to me about these sad matters."

"Do you, Mr. Pip?" said Biddy. "I should have written if I had thought that."

"Don't suppose that I mean to be unkind, Biddy, when I say I consider that you ought to have thought that."

"Do you, Mr. Pip?"

She was so quiet, and had such an orderly, good, and pretty way with her, that I did not like the thought of making her cry again. After looking a little at her downcast eyes, as she walked beside me, I gave up that point.

"I suppose it will be difficult for you to remain here now, Biddy dear?"

"Oh! I can't do so, Mr. Pip," said Biddy, in a tone of regret, but still of quiet conviction. "I have been speaking to Mrs. Hubble, and I am going to her to-morrow. I hope we shall be able to take some care of Mr. Gargery, together, until he settles down."

"How are you going to live, Biddy? If you want any mo—"

"How am I going to live?" repeated Biddy, striking in, with a momentary flush upon her face. "I'll tell you, Mr. Pip. I am going to try to get the place of mistress in the new school nearly finished here. I can be well recommended by all the neighbours, and I hope I can be industrious and patient, and teach myself while I teach others. You know, Mr. Pip," pursued Biddy, with a smile, as she raised her eyes to my face, "the new schools are not like the old, but I learnt a good deal from you after that time, and have had time since then to improve."

"I think you would always improve, Biddy, under any circumstances."

"Ah! Except in my bad side of human nature," murmured Biddy.

It was not so much a reproach, as an irresistible thinking aloud. Well! I thought I would give up that point too. So, I walked a little further with Biddy, looking silently at her downcast eyes.

"I have not heard the particulars of my sister's death, Biddy."

"They are very slight, poor thing. She had been in one of her bad states—though they had got better of late, rather than worse—for four days, when she came out of it in the evening, just at tea-time, and said quite plainly, 'Joe.' As she had never said any word for a long while, I ran and fetched in Mr. Gargery from the forge. She made signs to me that she wanted him to sit down close to her, and wanted me to put her arms round his neck. So I put them round his neck, and she laid her hand down on his shoulder quite content and satisfied. And so she presently said 'Joe' again, and once 'Pardon,' and once 'Pip.' And so she never lifted her head up any more, and it was just an hour later when we laid it down on her own bed, because we found she was gone."

Biddy cried; the darkening garden, and the lane, and the stars that were coming out, were blurred in my own sight.

"Nothing was ever discovered, Biddy?"

"Nothing."

"Do you know what is become of Orlick?"

"I should think from the colour of his clothes that he is working in the quarries."

"Of course you have seen him then?—Why are you looking at that dark tree in the lane?"

"I saw him there, on the night she died."

"That was not the last time either, Biddy?"

"No; I have seen him there, since we have been walking here.—It is of no use," said Biddy, laying her hand upon my arm as I was for running out, "you know I would not deceive you; he was not there a minute, and he is gone."

It revived my utmost indignation to find that she was still pursued by this fellow, and I felt inveterate against him. I told her so, and told her that I would spend any money or take any pains to drive him out of that country. By degrees she led me into more temperate talk, and she told me how Joe loved me, and how Joe never complained of anything—she didn't say, of me; she had no need; I knew what she meant—but ever did his duty in his way of life, with a strong hand, a quiet tongue, and a gentle heart.

"Indeed, it would be hard to say too much for him," said I; "and Biddy, we must often speak of these things, for of course I shall be often down here now. I am not going to leave poor Joe alone."

Biddy said never a single word.

"Biddy, don't you hear me?"

"Yes, Mr. Pip."

"Not to mention your calling me Mr. Pip—which appears to me to be in bad taste, Biddy—what do you mean?"

"What do I mean?" asked Biddy, timidly.

"Biddy," said I, in a virtuously self-asserting manner, "I must request to know what you mean by this?"

"By this?" said Biddy.

"Now, don't echo," I retorted. "You used not to echo, Biddy."

"Used not?" said Biddy. "O Mr. Pip! Used!"

"Well! I rather thought I would give up that point too. After another silent turn in the garden, I fell back on the main position.

"Biddy," said I, "I made a remark respecting my coming down here often, to see Joe, which you received with a marked silence. Have the goodness, Biddy, to tell me why."

"Are you quite sure, then, that you **WILL** come to see him often?" asked Biddy, stopping in the narrow garden walk, and looking at me under the stars with a clear and honest eye.

"Oh dear me!" said I, as if I found myself compelled to give up Biddy in despair. "This really is a very bad side of human nature! Don't say any more, if you please, Biddy. This shocks me very much."

For which cogent reason I kept Biddy at a distance during supper, and, when I went up to my own old little room, took as stately a leave of her as I could, in my murmuring soul, deem reconcilable with the churchyard and the event of the day. As often as I was restless in the night, and that was every quarter of an hour, I reflected what an unkindness, what an injury, what an injustice, Biddy had done me.

Early in the morning, I was to go. Early in the morning, I was out, and, looking in, unseen, at one of the wooden windows of the forge, There I stood, for minutes, looking at Joe, already at work with a glow of health and strength upon his face that made it show as if the bright sun of the life in store for him were shining on it.

"Good-by, dear Joe!—No, don't wipe it off—for God's sake, give me your blackened hand!—I shall be down soon, and often."

"Never too soon, sir," said Joe, "and never too often, Pip!"

Biddy was waiting for me at the kitchen door, with a mug of new milk and a crust of bread. "Biddy," said I, when I gave her my hand at parting, "I am not angry, but I am hurt."

"No, don't be hurt," she pleaded quite pathetically; "let only me be hurt, if I have been ungenerous."

Once more, the mists were rising as I walked away. If they disclosed to me, as I suspect they did, that I should not come back, and that Biddy was quite right, all I can say is—they were quite right too.

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITION IN VIRGINIA.

Few things can be much more dissimilar than an English ploughing match and an American agricultural meeting—the two are as different, in a word, as the lean Southern planter with his lank hair and nankeen-coloured bloodless face, from the fleshy, portly, rosy country English gentleman who distributes prizes at the other.

My impression of the first is pleasant—my impression of the second is pleasant; but how

different the one kind of pleasure from the other! When I think of the English scene, I see before me the dark chocolate-coloured furrows, lighted by the sunshine of early spring; I remember the teams of broad-chested horses, gay in blue and geranium-coloured ribbons, tramping down the stubbles before the keen cleaving ploughs; I hear the pleasant gossip and hearty laughter of the holiday folk; I see the clean white smock-frocks gathering round the happy winner of the prize; I see the country squires on their sturdy glossy hunters; I see the tent where the collation is; I hear the merry pop of the champagne corks, and the chime and cadence of the band. But what I saw of the ordinary agricultural meeting in America, took place on very different earth, and was lighted by a sun of a far fiercer strength. They were not all freemen whom I saw there, merry-making—they were men of different aims and of another world. The land had had far different antecedents from our own, had been, almost within the memory of living men, trod by Indian mocassins, and soaked with warmer blood than that of the buffalo or beaver.

It was September month, when the ripe cotton-pod prefigures winter, and whitens the plantations of Louisiana with sheets of snow. In all the forests of the New World, the maple waved its thousands of little crimson flags; the snake began to prepare for its five months' sleep, and rest from working evil; the mailed alligator, for its hibernation in the coagulated mud; all the myriad iron roads leading from the Northern and the Southern States swarmed with yellow planters, their wives and daughters, and their slave nurses and ladies' maids who were returning home from the Northern watering-places. Newport, with its pleasant sea-bathing and chowder suppers, was lorn and lone; Saratoga with its demi-monde, its gulls and hawks, was deserted; the Sulphur Springs were being reluctantly forsaken; the glass at those hotels was being put up for the winter; the blinds were lowering; the waiters were going away; the whites were looking black, the blacks blacker than usual; in fact, the South having first gone to visit the North during the hot and unhealthy summer, was on its way home again, for the cool and grateful winter. Let the tyrannical overseer on Nash's cotton plantation beware, for "massa," the absentee, would soon be home. Let the unjust steward on Jackson's sugar estate, keep his weather eye open, for "massa" would soon be back to redress wrongs, and to look over the accounts.

It was at the climax of this backward migration that I came to stop awhile in Richmond, the capital of Virginia. The Southern birds were winging home to roost "in" the rocky wood; the hotels were brimming over; the waiters were all black in the face, partly from natural tendency, partly from incessantly carrying heavy luggage up-stairs that had no ending, but seemed to lead to one of the further planets—the Moon, the Larger Bear, or the Dog Star. Richmond was in a state of great excitement.

The long rows of brown spear-headed leaves lying on the flat terrace roofs of the tobacco warehouses seemed whispering together about the agricultural meeting which every human person, bond or free, was now talking about, or going to, or coming from, in the hot world below. It was talked of down on the quays, among the tobacco ships, and on the hills among the tobacco pickers. The city, whose very road-dust is Scotch snuff, was deeply stirred by the excitement of the fair, the shows, the prize vegetables, the trotting matches, the wonderful singing mouse, and the bear-baiting. The trains momentarily brought in from the country, crowds of sweltering, over-dressed, hearty, nasal country people. The blacks were showing their great white beans of teeth everywhere, in wonder and delight at the general finery and excitement. It was hot enough on the hilly suburban roads to have roasted a sole by laying him on a milestone; but that made no difference; every one was off to the agricultural show in the suburban meadows, ten minutes' distance from the city by railroad, twenty or so by street omnibus. I had had rather a dreadful night of it, because my bedroom happened to be just over the hotel ball-room, and the Virginian reels, as well as the ordinary European dances, were kept up, as country papers say, "with unabated vigour, till pallid morning dawned."

I was pulling off my boots, preparatory to vaulting into bed, when the first dance commenced. It was hours afterwards before the last reeler reeled off, and spun himself away to dream of reels till noon.

From my mere mouthful of sleep I awoke to dress myself and go down to the table-d'hôte and breakfast—a meal prevailing at American hotels from seven in the morning, or earlier—for the Americans are really a much earlier people than we are—till eleven or twelve. I go down, and at the same moment the special servant of my peculiar table, Sam, with what seems one and the same move of the hand, slides me forward a chair, pours me out a large carafe of iced water, pushes me the gorgeous bill of fare, and whispers in my ear,

"What um want—breakfast, massa?"

I select from the long list, boiled eggs, a cutlet, white fish, boiled hominy, coffee, and stewed oysters—a fine superstructure to build a day upon. I end with fresh draughts of iced water, avoiding the flabby hot-cakes lined with molasses, on which dangerous dainty the dyspeptic American loves to indulge. Then I push back my chair, and launch out into the street, striking up the hill on which the Capitol stands; and so take ear for the Exhibition. The streets are full of country faces, of a healthier and purer yankee colour than those of the town race. The people I see, were yesterday on the Potomac or James rivers, were at Baltimore or Philadelphia, were watching the Kanawha Falls, or burning themselves to brick on the New River cliffs.

Richmond, with its thirty-three thousand inhabitants, is buzzing like a hive; the visitors

are at the Capitol, looking on Houdon's beautifully simple statue of Washington. Some of them are being shown the monumental church that now stands where the ill-fated theatre once stood, where, in 1811, the Governor of Virginia and sixty unhappy people perished in an accidental fire; the tobacco planters are below, having a few minutes' chat at the stores on the quays before going to the Exhibition.

When I reach the high hilly road where the cars start, I find an arrangement, peculiarly American, and peculiarly reckless. Now, much as I like the Americans for many qualities, every step I take in America sets me wondering what produces the recklessness of danger, of which a fresh instance is now before me. And what is this prodigy? Why, a real live train, with the steam in the boiler of the engine, hissing as if it were fed with rattlesnakes. Mercy! A real train of huge carriages drawn by a disturbed and roaring engine of I do not know how many horse power, coming along the centre of the open road, close to all the carriages, and horses, and pedestrians, and children, that are posting on to the great agricultural fair. Nothing more than that phantom of modern civilisation spitting burning coals, and breathing very hard, as if in a "most carnation" rage and ready to chaw up all creation. There are no earth embankments like great redoubts, no strong palisading, no gates ever guarded by men waving flags, but only across the bare high road, about ten yards from the omnibus that holds me and my alarms, a huge gibbet frame of a white board, coolly inscribed

"LOOK OUT FOR THE ENGINE WHEN THE BELL RINGS."

Yes, siure, and time to, considering that the bell wags on the engine itself, and the warning and the buffers would reach you at about the same moment! But this time my alarm was soon ended, for on slid the ponderous train, the smoke vomiting from the huge-mouthed funnel, the bell swinging out its tardy and almost mocking warning, and with a spirt of fire and a puff of white steam, it drew up with a sullen slowness about twenty yards from my apparently doomed omnibus.

No nervous man (nervousness is not fear) should go to America; for a life is thought nothing of in the country that all Europe helps to people. Thousands go to see Blondin break his neck at Niagara, and I myself had been to see a Frenchman expose himself to certain death in a paper balloon. When two engines are racing to a fire, the two companies will pull out revolvers and fight for precedence. Duelling is common. Racing steamers will refuse to stop and pick up a black hand that has fallen overboard. As for these railway crossings, a car driver has been known to put his horses at full speed, and bet five dollars he would get over before "the darned engine," at the risk of an immortal and irretrievable smash. I have crossed immense swamps on long railway bridges supported by rickety trestles that vibrated with the

passage. I have been in a train when the driver has put on triple speed, and has with the utmost glee reported himself chased by another train that could be seen growing larger from a mere black animalcule in the distance. But I must leave this problem, or I shall be too late for the bear fight at the Agricultural Exhibition. I reach, after jolting through new by-roads, almost impassable, the suburban fields hired for the show. They are close to the railway; indeed, the entrance is a little shed opening from the platform, which is thronged with negro salesmen of hickory nuts and Lager beer, noisy, good natured, and vociferous of prices.

I pay my twenty-five cents (about a shilling), and enter. No bows or thanks, or bland obsequious voice from the money-taker. This is a republican country, and I am not thought more of, because I am richer than another man by a few hundred pounds or so. The holiday people jostle in with me. The old Dominion has sent her sons here by hundreds, and fine lathy bold men her sons are. "Yes, siure—yes, siure!" Really, they might be country people in England, as far as their manner goes. The fathers tow along the little boys; the mothers lay down laws to the brood of daughters; the lovers blush and whisper; the old people coze and gossip—just as English human nature does, for all I can see.

But how different the complexions! No rosy reds and carnations here, deepening into purple; no flushes of carmine in the young men's cheeks, no living rose bloom in the maidens' faces; no, mere dry nankeen colour in the one, and the mere faint cold pink of a winter rose in the other. No earth-shaking top-booted farmers to pulverise the clods and slap the fat oxen; no port-wine-coloured blood mantling in the broad acres of their cheek. The dry sapless faces, dried by the Indian heat, are new to me, and they show no rude country health, they tell of no healthy fox-chases, no windy struggling rides to market; no, yellow blood—though it fills many a brave honest heart in this Virginian show—brings to me no recollections of home.

Nor does the dress either; it is all of the new world, and confuses all my old-fashioned notions of the distinctions of class. There are no white smocks, silver-clean as snow-drifts, the property of venerable countrymen; there are no buckskins, no top-boots; no, a dead level of dull second-hand evening costume. Every man wears an ill-made black tail-coat, black trousers, and a rumpled, agitated, black satin waistcoat. The women, also lean, and rather of a nankeen colour, but gentle, well-mannered, and looking very pleased and happy, are over-dressed. Their bonnets, arching up over the forehead, are heavy with ribbons of all shades of scarlet and azure; and they wear bell-shaped hoops, that tilt about and jerk in the most ludicrous and foolish way. I observe that felt hats are the chief wear with the men; and when any one carries a stick, it is generally a solemn, old-fashioned-looking black cane, with a huge ivory knob.

But now the sight of a distant arena, or paled-in enclosure, with seats round it in tiers, like a circus, draws me as a magnet cliff does an iron-built ship, for I know it must be the place for the bear-baiting. So I push carelessly through the building, where the fat cattle groan over their food, and heave and perspire, and wheeze and heave, wonderful as I have no doubt are the great Kentucky ox, the big Kentucky mules, the Illinois pigs, and the horses from Indiana. And now a terrible growling and yelping makes me hurry faster, and I scramble to my seat, and pay my fee, wondering what the English papers would say if any one attempted to bait a bear at an English Agricultural Meeting?

And there is the bear, just as he was when Master Slender took Saccaron by the chain, and frightened all the Anne Pages of Windsor, by such an exhibition of his courage! There he is, looking furious in his carriage-rug dress at the dogs that beleaguer him, now getting a dreadful tug at his bleeding ears, that are fast getting bitten, one into a pattern, the other into a crimson and black fringe. How red and mischievous his eyes look, how white his enormous teeth, how broad are his terrible forearms!

A bench breaks, and down tumble twenty or thirty people into the pit, but no one has time to sympathise. It is so many dollars on the bear, "on the bear," and then so many on the dogs, "on the dogs."

"I'll back my bulldog from Washington, for twenty dollars," cries a rowdy in his dirty shirt-sleeves. "He'd face an alligator. Yes, siure, he would that. Oh, he's a bulldog, he is!"

"Done!" cries another bhoj, from the opposite side. The dog goes at the bear; the bear waits for the dog, and strikes him a side blow with his paw, that drives him up in a whimpering heap close to his chapfallen master's feet.

"I guess you'd better take your bulldog home," cries a man near, totally regardless of the owner's feelings. "That dog would not face a snapping turtle. Take him home!"

"Let him go to —, or Jamaica!" says the owner, mentioning two proverbial hot places, and giving the poor dog a kick that lifts him up half over the wall of the pit; "but you should have seen him the other day in Jackson's store—he! how he did tackle the badger in Jackson's store!"

In ten minutes more the bear has "whipped" the dogs, and the arena is empty. The lost dollars are paid, the bear is led off to wait for another day of misery, and the dogs are bound, and bandaged, and carried home.

Besides the bear-pit there was a large temporary building devoted to the exhibition of Virginian produce, to rail-splitting machines and snake fences, and to machines that split shingles (or wooden tiles for roofing houses). Then there were huge glass jars of enormous brandy peaches and apple jelly, and there were vast apples—larger or quicker grown, and more

mellow-looking than ours—preposterous orange gourds, great bell-shaped purple *Samboas*, cucumbers as large as ships' telescopes, and all variations of the extensive and well-known “cucumber family.” And there were egg plants, that the Americans cut in slices and roast, and Lima beans, and about three times as many sorts of vegetables as we ordinarily bring to table. And, as I was admiring some fragrant bales of tobacco, an American gentleman entered into conversation with me, and explained that the best Virginia tobacco does not go to England, as the flat and rough leaves are the best on the plant, whereas the London merchants choose the smoothest and cleanest looking: which are never so strong or good. As for tobacco arriving from *Havannah*, that proves nothing, for there was much sent to Germany from Virginia, and from Germany sent to Virginia—thence to be re-exported with the *Havannah* marks and brands on the bales or chests.

A part of the show that particularly pleased me was the display of enormous heads of Indian corn, looking like the dried rattles of rattlesnakes. Then I come to the shows scattered about here and there; but quieter and less demonstrative than in England. It is too hot here to shout yourself black in the face; nor were the shows so crowded as to come into direct competition. Every now and then on the burnt turf, near a *Black Jack* tree, or bordering on a retired gravel walk, I find a show, with the usual disproportion between the outside manifest and the inner wonder. There was a *Fat Family*, weighing several thousand stones between them, and the smallest three brothers in the habitable world; but no storming bands blurted out the fact, no speaking-trumpets thundered forth the news to *Young America*. There were acrobats who were always going to do something wonderful, and then changed their intentions and did something very common-place—like certain other men of promise I have known. But above all, to the simple-hearted delight of the country people, who are uncritical and easily amused, there was

“THE CELEBRATED SINGING MOUSE,”

purchased for one hundred thousand dollars, in the rocky interior of *Cochin China*; for this wonderful, intelligent, and gifted creature, the proprietor had refused three hundred roubles, and even larger offers made by the Emperor of Russia—who was, I guess, infatuated with the marvellous animal that had attracted the gaze of thousands, and ministered to intellectual delight at the Courts of the Dey of *Algiers*, the *Cham* of *Tartary*, the Emperor *Napoleon*, the *Ban* of *Croatia*, and *Queen Victoria*. Now was the time to see this singular creature, as the owner was just going to the old country on a starring engagement. But even this, and a calf with five legs, I abstained from seeing. I preferred the open air, and the crowds of country visitors.

Last of all, I went to the trotting course, to see one of those races peculiar to America.

The ordinary flat race or steeple-chase the American does not care for, but everywhere he practises the trotting-match in tall overgrown gigs of extreme lightness and strength, specially manufactured for the purpose. To me, this sort of race seemed dull, but the people around me sat absorbed, their faces clouding and brightening according to the chances of the match. We sat in the glare of the sun, in a huge frame of slanting seats, looking down on the broad dusty circle of the course and the judge's stand. And here I called to mind that not only in the “sulky” and the “spider waggon,” but also in the “trotting waggon,” ordinary drag, and every other vehicle, everything American is lighter than it would be in England. Their spokes are half the thickness; their harness half the weight, and half the quantity. American fire-engines are half the size of ours. In furniture, there is the same marked difference: attributable, I think, partly to climate and partly to hickory wood being as strong as oak and much lighter. Our solid beefy massive character is not visible in American manufactures. A light slimness in their pails, and in their vessels, in their shops, and in their chairs. The very dress of their policemen shows it. Everything manifests how different is the trade ideal of the two countries. The American trotting-waggon, with its little box of a seat, its enormous and slender wheels, and its horse with scarcely any harness on, would make an English jockey stare: yet with no great reason, for it is, for its purpose, admirable and complete, though rather frail and dangerous. The driver, who passionately enjoys the excitement, sits, like an ancient charioteer, grim and with clenched teeth, both feet wide apart and planted firmly against the wood-work of his flying car, the reins in either hand and on the strain.

Their famous trotting-horses are known by the number of seconds they take to do a mile in: the figures always accompanying the name, like a title of honour. Enormous sums are won and lost on these horses. Certainly as a trial of skill, endurance, and energy, a trotting-match is not to be despised. I suppose the more personal exertion of our jockeys would scarcely be endured by an American; at all events, not by men whose ancestors have been enervated by the climate, and who do not make themselves less languid and excitable by unceasing chewing of tobacco, and habitual indulgence in bilious hot cakes sodden with butter.

And as I walk home to the hotel, I think how different a climate this is from that of my own country. How fiercely blue the sky all day has been, with no light-laden white clouds to cast one kindly and grateful shadow! Here the setting sun falls like a red-hot shell upon the luminous roofs of the town. Twilight, too, is more sudden; there is no gradual, rosy dimness, with dove-coloured greys; no creamy tinges, with here and there a line or vein of melting amber. No; all-sheltering darkness comes suddenly, and falls like a black curtain too hastily released upon the burnt-up earth.

The angel of the moon, in her little bark of crescent pearl, looks down smiling on the old Dominion as it sleeps.

GUESTS AT THE GREAT INN.

BEAT the gong, and ring the bell!
Gently open half the gate,—
Comes a Lady, young, alone,
Torn by stock, and bruised by stone,
Hunted here by jealous hate.
"Give me shelter, silence, rest,—
If, by coarse pursuer pressed,
You are questioned, nothing tell."
Ah! poor heart, in anguish lost!—
Welcome from protecting host,—
Hath the host not grieved as well?

Ring the bell, and beat the gong!
Comes an Earl with gold to waste,
"Old wine in thy cellar is,
And the oldest I will kiss,
As my mistress I would taste."
Riot in my chamber best,
Some one to his bosom pressed
Who departs and wails no wrong;
Ducats on my staircase shed—
(I have followed there, the dead),
"Tis a jolly even-song!

Beat the gong, and ring the bell!
Here is Poet, come to see
What our city hath to show,—
Minster windows, all a-glow
With the rainbow's pageantry.
Elders saints the whom to carve,
Sculptor of his faith, would starve
Strong in worship of the spell.
Cheer his heart with yellow wine.
Boy! thy dream long since was mine,
How it vanished, who can tell?

Ring the bell, and beat the gong!
Let him in—a Merchant next,
Hard in voice and bold in face,
Only by a damaged place
In his market to be vexed.
Hear him talk, as part of trade,
Of the bargains he has made
Here and there, his walk along:
"Anne was sprightly, Mary, ne'er
Timidly, my night-black beard!"—
Cheap hath grown the price of wrong.

Beat the gong, and ring the bell!
What? for Priest with nought to spend—
Creeping in, who maketh gloom
Even in my lighted room,
By his feigning to be friend
Of dumb things, that understand
And evade his satir hand—
Of my child, who shrinks as well,—
Of the Pedlar, who is here,—
Dusty, for his flask of beer,—
Let him out—and no farewell!

Ring the bell, and beat the gong!
Loud!—The Prince!—on humble knees
Light him upward to his bed,
Proud that on God's earth do tread
Still such royal prodigies!
What has mighty Prince to do,
With a vassal small as you,
Save to pay for feast and song?
"Ah! your Highness, pardon, pray,

*If my wife deceased to-day;
She was loving, fair, and young!"*

Some must keep an open door—
Corpses need no revel-din;
Who inquires if in the cup
Funeral wine be offered up?
Death goes out, and Life comes in!
Call for joyaunce, revel, toast,—
Who respects convenient Host.
When his nimbleness is o'er?
Who hath dreamed, that to his part,
He, too, brought a human heart?—
Close the Inn for evermore!

THE QUEEN OF THE BLUE STOCKINGS.

WHEN Mrs. Montague and Mrs. Thrale, and sundry other ladies, well-to-do, good-looking, and learned, gathered polite society in their drawing-rooms, and talked for applause, the name of Blue Stocking arose out of a chance observation on the stockings of a visitor to one of Mrs. Montague's assemblies. Mrs. Montague and Mrs. Thrale, and all their race, came then to be known by that name, and the title descends to the children's children of the sisterhood by whom Latin and Greek are quoted and display is made of learning before company.

Tastes differ, we know, and the tastes of generations differ as much as the tastes of single men. In Doctor Johnson's day there was a run on clever women; they were talked about, rhymed, and reasoned about in the daily newspaper, had all their private affairs cut into by the scissors of the sub-editor, and were, in fact, the public property. Then, instead of writing to the Times about unequal rating, or railway mismanagement, Paterfamilias took up his pen to address the Morning Herald, and wrote:

Herald! haste, with me proclaim
Those of literary fame.
Hannah More's pathetic pen,
Painting high th' impassioned scene;
Carter's piety and learning,
Little Burney's quick discerning;
Cowley's neatly pointed wit,
Healing those her satires hit;
Smiling Streathfield's wry neck,
Nose, and notions—a la Grecque!
Let Chapone retain a place,
And the mother of her Grace,
Each art of conversation knowing,
High-bred, elegant Boscawen;
Thrale, in whose expressive eyes
Sits a soul above disguise,
Skill'd with wit, and sense t' impart
Feelings of a generous heart.
Lucan, Leveson, Greville, Crewe,
Fertile-minded Montague.

Now nobody sends to the press these delicate invitations. We should as soon expect to see a lady in Rotten-row riding a Megalosaurus, as a lot of ladies trotted down a column of newspaper by such a Pegasus:

Daily News awake and sing
On the nose of Laura Pring;
Nose and notions brightly shine,
She herself's a flame of mine.

Have you met Matilda Brown
Since she brought her aunt to town?
If you have, and saw her bonnet,
Give us your ideas upon it.

But it would have been better if those old-fashioned newspapers had contented themselves with scratching their pens over the ladies' noses, and with getting trimming for their columns from the ladies' bonnets. Nothing was too sacred for the most public gossip. Mrs. Thrale's first husband was hardly buried before the papers began to consider with the public how long she could remain a widow, and to appoint for her a round dozen of second husbands. All this was very bad for the papers, but it was worse, every way, for the women who were topics of the papers. They were flattered and talked out of their domesticity, fooled into vain display, made centres of a pretentious frivolity. Mrs. Montague was, by personal right, chief of the Blue Stockings; she was never crowned, says Mrs. Thrale, but justly conscious of supremacy. But Mrs. Thrale was the elect of Doctor Johnson, through whom, rather than through the weak books she herself wrote, she has acquired a lasting name in literature, and is for us, at any rate, the rightful queen. Mr. A. Hayward, a pleasant anecdotal writer, has published two volumes of autobiography, *Letters and Remains of Mrs. Thrale*, who, when she became Mrs. Piozzi, was denounced by the whole press for disgracing herself, by giving up in second marriage with a man who made nothing but music the illustrious name of a first husband who had made strong beer. Thrale neither loved her, nor obtained her love; Piozzi did both. Thrale was not faithful to her; Piozzi gave up country and religion for her, and was hers till death. But Thrale left a brewery behind him, which was sold for one hundred and twenty thousand pounds. The widow had three thousand pounds a year, and the Italian singer had only, with a small patrimony, what might be laid by from a few years' enjoyment of a professional income of twelve hundred pounds a year. The newspapers compared moneys, and joined the widow's friends in such attack on her that for a time she struggled against her own sense of what was fit and right. But we are beginning in the middle, when, with the help of Mr. Hayward's memorials, we intend to begin at the beginning, and tell the whole story of the bewildered, half-miscarried life of this most famous Queen of the Blue Stockings.

We will begin with her as little Hester Lynch Salusbury, and pass over her highly respectable Welsh pedigree. "Will it amuse you," writes Mrs. Piozzi in her Autobiographical Memoirs, to be told that Katherine de Berayne, after Sir Richard Clough's death, married Maurice Wynne, of Gwydir, whose family and fortune merged in that of the Berlies." Certainly it will not. And we don't care a penny for Sir Robert Salusbury Cotton or for his wife Lady Betty Tollemache. No doubt we should have cared for them if we had known them. It is part of the present story, however, that Hester's

mother had ten thousand pounds of her own, an excellent fortune in those days, when she married for love her rakish cousin, Hester's father, John Salusbury of Bachyraig. He ran through her money for her, and when Hester was born, father and mother were rather poor folks in a cottage in Carnarvonshire, waiting for the death of one of *their* parents to enable them to "reinstate themselves," as Mrs. Piozzi has it, "in a less unbecoming situation." Hester was the first of their children that did not perish in infancy. She was played with, crammed with French, glorified by an uncle Thomas on her father's side, who was much given to glorifying also the dukes and lords who were his friends, and half adopted by an uncle Sir Robert on the mother's side, who meant to bequeath poor Fiddle, as he called Hester, ten thousand pounds. But he died of apoplexy before he had altered the will, leaving all to his brother. "Some traces yet remain upon my mind," says Mrs. Piozzi in her old age, "of poor mamma's anguish, and of my father's violent expressions," not at the loss of their relative, but of his money.

Then while John Salusbury was in Wales trying to find a lead mine in Bachyraig to fill his pocket with, mamma and little Hester were in town, patronised by papa's brother's great friend the Duke of Leeds. There Mr. Quin taught Hester to recite, she being six years old, Satan's address to the Sun, out of Milton, for which she curtseyed to him, as a friend, from the stagebox, when she was taken to see him act in *Cato*. She met Garrick too, who took her on his knee and gave her cakes for displaying her French scholarship. After that, the rollicking John Salusbury was sent out by his patron Lord Halifax to see to the colonisation of Nova Scotia, and the mother was left, with her own slender means, to maintain and teach the precocious little girl. Admiral Sir Peter Dennis finding that, at eight years old, Hester knew all about "the use of the globes," taught her the rudiments of navigation. Then she went, after her measles and small-pox, to stay with a rich grandmother Cotton at East Hyde, where she made friends with the horses and the old coachman, her next tutor, who taught her to drive. There were "four great ramping war-horses" for the family coach. Two of them learnt to lick the little girl's hand for bread and sugar, and she amazed her grandmother one day by tooling them round the court-yard in the break.

Here, in Hertfordshire, one neighbour was Sir Henry Penrice, with an only daughter, Anna Maria, great heiress, who fell in love with John Salusbury's brother, Doctor Thomas, left in charge of Hester and her mother. Doctor Thomas let his sister-in-law's affairs go to wreck while he courted the heiress, whose money would make amends for all. Those lovers married, Sir Henry Penrice died, Doctor Thomas succeeded to the estates, title, and much wealth. Lady Anna Maria, who was all kindness to Hester and mamma, and was immensely learned herself, caused Hester to be taught Latin, Italian, and Spanish. But the dear aunt Anna Maria could

not endure Hester's father with the red-hot temper, getting into scrapes and duels and all sorts of difficulties. Anna Maria died, aged forty-one, of dropsy. Uncle Thomas—Sir Thomas—loved horses and little Hester, then thirteen years old. Her verses and translations he showed to the young men by whom the place was haunted, and her skill on horseback all could see. Doctor Collier, Hester's chief instructor, had been and was a constant guest. Between the ages of thirteen and sixteen, when her uncle Thomas's age was sixty-four, court was made to the child by young men whom she dealt with as so many suitors. Uncle Sir Thomas loved Hester and her mother, but the peace of his home was broken by his brother John, and he was thus driven to seek consolation in the smiles of a willing widow. "We should have made home more agreeable," says the autobiographer.

Lord Halifax being made Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, John Salusbury joined the dandlers in his lordship's train through Wales. Hester and mamma were alone at Offley, uncle Thomas's seat, doing the honours. Doctor Collier was in London on business. Uncle Thomas was gone off to London for a night or two, hoping to see his widow, when—momentous the day—Sir Thomas returned. Mrs. Piozzi writes in her old age, "to tell us what an excellent, what an incomparable young man he had seen, who was, in short, a model of perfection, and a *real sportsman*. Seeing me disposed to laugh, he looked very grave; said he expected us to like him, and that seriously. The next day, Mr. Thrale followed his eulogist, and applied himself so diligently to gain my mother's attention—aye, and her heart, too,—that there was little doubt of her approving the pretensions of so very showy a suitor—if suitor he was to me, who certainly had not a common share in the compliments he paid to my mother's wit, beauty, and elegance. His father, he said, was born in our village at Offley, of mean parents, but had made a prodigious fortune by his merits; and the people all looked with admiration at his giving five shillings to a poor boy who lay on the bank, because he was sure his father had been such a boy. In a week's time the country caught the notion up, that Miss Salusbury's husband had been suddenly found by meeting Sir Thomas at the house of Mr. Levinz, a well-known *bon vivant* of those days, who kept a gay house and a gay lady at Brompton, where he entertained the gay fashionists of 1760." This young brewer was, indeed, the husband picked out by Sir Thomas, who made Hester's marriage with him the condition of his favour. But Hester's father, prompted by the chaplain at Offley, who was not without an ambition of his own, swore that his child should not be exchanged for a barrel of porter. The brothers quarrelled and met no more. John carried his wife and child away to London, where Mr. Thrale still visited, and seemed to court only mamma; where mamma was miserable and papa was violent, and whither a note soon came from Doctor

Collier to Hester, written in Latin, to say that Sir Thomas, lord of all their expectations, certainly would marry his friend, the widow, on the Sunday following.

Hester was not to break the dreadful news herself. The doctor himself would come, after the event, and manage that. But Hester's face told a sad tale. Papa, accusing her of clandestine dealings with Mr. Thrale, worried her for hours until she fainted, took the letter from her bosom, and then the calamity was known to all; after which they were all sitting up, miserable together, until four o'clock in the morning. They rose at nine, all of them ill. John Salusbury went to ask counsel of a brother-in-law, Hester, meanwhile, wrote a note to invite their doctor to dine with them. Before the doctor came, or the dinner was dished, John Salusbury of Bachycraig was brought back into the house a corpse.

His will left his Bachycraig house to his wife, charged with a portion of five thousand pounds to his daughter. Uncle Thomas, whose education John in old days had paid for, and who had lost John's family a farm with a hundred a year by neglect while he was courting Anna Maria, made the five thousand ten. With that fortune, and expectations of course, Mrs. Piozzi wrote, "Mr. Thrale deigned to accept my undesired hand, and in ten months from my poor father's death were both the marriages he feared accomplished. My uncle went himself with me to church, dined with us at Streatham Park, returned to Hertfordshire, wedded the widow, and then scarce ever saw or wrote to either of us; leaving me to conciliate as I could, a husband who was indeed much kinder than I counted on, to a plain girl, who had not the attraction in his eyes, and on whom he never had thrown five minutes of his time away, in any interview unwitnessed by company, even until after our wedding-day was done." At the age of three-and-twenty, Hester Salusbury, short, plump, and brisk, with features too decided to be pretty, very learned for a girl, and a clever talker by virtue both of ready wit and a good memory for quotations, married, for his wealth, the eminent predecessor of Messrs. Barclay, Perkins, and Co., the tall, reserved, and handsome Mr. Thrale. Dr. Fitzpatrick, a sickly old Roman Catholic physician, friend of the elder Thrale, lived with the newly married couple, and from him Hester learnt why her husband had made up his mind to marry her. "He had," the doctor said, "asked several women," naming them, "but all except me refused to live in the Borough, to which and to his business he observed that Mr. Thrale was as unaccountably attached *now*, as he had been in his father's time averse from both." Of course nothing was more natural than that a brewer should have a doctor for his household friend and confidant. There are not a few hints scattered about the memoirs showing that Mr. Thrale was not entirely satisfied with malt and hops as the sole sources of beer. Before his death, in fact, he was muddling away his money with experiments, that on one

occasion spoilt a whole brew and left him without means of properly supplying customers. When his fortunes were in peril he took his wife into his confidence, but in the earlier years of marriage he was so reserved, that his enjoyment of a contract yielding for three years an annual fortune, only became known to her by chance after his death. And let us know a little more about the early story of the Barclay-Perkins brewery. Mr. Thrale, the elder, had it of a Mr. Halsey, Edmund Halsey, son to a miller at St. Albans, who quarrelled with his father, ran away to London and engaged himself as broomstick clerk, or yard-sweeper, &c., to old Mr. Child, of the Anchor Brewhouse, Southwark. Halsey behaved well, and became house-clerk, was admitted to his master's table, married his master's only daughter, and succeeded to the business. Being thus a rich man, and having married his own only child, a daughter, to Lord Cobham, Halsey bethought him of a sister Sukey who had married a hard-working man named Thrale, at Offley, in Hertfordshire, and had a larger family than she could well support. He sent, therefore, for one of the boys, and got Ralph, the one who was father to Hester's husband, promising to make a man of him. Ralph Thrale became the manager of Halsey's business, and managed to get, as manager only, a great deal of money for himself as well as for his principal. Master and manager were alike handsome men, they both courted the same woman, who preferred the younger, and thus mortified the elder, so that Halsey died leaving not a guinea to his nephew. Nevertheless, Ralph Thrale had acquired already so much, that he bought the brewery of Halsey's son-in-law and daughter, Lord and Lady Cobham, making, of course, a canny bargain.

In this gentleman's brewery Mr. Perkins was head clerk. After Thrale's death, when Dr. Johnson, running about with an ink-bottle at his button like an excise-man, and reveling in the glory of signing large cheques, was one of the five executors and brewery managers, the Doctor was asked what he supposed the brewery was worth. "We are not here," he replied, "to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice." Of the sale the lady herself tells. She had, when her husband was in difficulty, personally canvassed the landlord of the Blue Posts for one other trial of the beer; she had attended at critical times in the counting-house; the only son given to her among many daughters was born dead after she had been calming a riot among the brewery clerks. And now, she says, "on Mr. Thrale's death I kept the counting-house from nine o'clock every morning till five o'clock every evening, till June, when God Almighty sent us a knot of rich Quakers, who bought the whole, and saved me and my coadjutors from brewing ourselves into another bankruptcy, which hardly could, I think, have been avoided, being, as we were, five in number, all with equal power, yet all incapable of using it without help from Mr. Per-

kins, who wished to force himself into partnership, though hating the whole lot of us, save only *me*. Upon my promise, however, that if he would find a purchaser I would present his wife with my dwelling-house at the Borough and all its furniture, he soon brought forward these Quaker Barclays, from Pennsylvania I believe they came—her own relations, I have heard—and they obtained the brewhouse a prodigious bargain; but Miss Thrale was of my mind to part with it for one hundred and fifty thousand pounds; and I am sure I never did repent." Everybody, she adds presently, was glad to be rid of the burden, "except dear Dr. Johnson, who found some odd delight in signing drafts for hundreds and for thousands, to him a new and, as it appeared, delightful occupation."

Such then was the worldly position, such were the antecedents and the followings, of the man who transformed Hester Salusbury into Mrs. Thrale. He required his wife to keep out of her kitchen, to sit in her drawing-room and grace his table when they were at Streatham Park. The dinner-table at Streatham was not more agreeable to Dr. Johnson than it was to its master. Mr. Thrale had his weak gaieties away from home; at home he loved his dinner better than his wife, and eating more than drinking. Gluttony hastened his death, and his last words to an old friend were of the lamprey season. He cared for nothing in his wife but her social cleverness, and when in later years he openly preferred Sophy Streatfield, a learned and lovely coquette, also a pupil of Doctor Collier's—who was catching and dragging even bishops in her train—upon his wife's quoting Pope's Homer, he said, "Sophy could have quoted that in the Greek."

"Driven," says the poor woman, "on literature as my sole resource, no wonder if I loved my books and children." Of many children, only four girls lived. That they were watched over with secret tenderness we see from many indications, but the mother owns and thinks it a proud thing to say, that in her children, as with her husband, she never interfered with the natural formation of opinions. The girls seem to have inherited their father's reserve, and to have been influenced unfavourably by the artificial life that prevailed in their father's house. Baretta, clever, perverse, and passionate, was for some years an inmate, teaching languages to the eldest girl, another Hester, grossly beraising her abilities, while she was yet but a child, as greater than her mother's, and openly habitually disparaging her mother to her through months and years, the mother sitting by and bearing all with a sweet social smile. The lively Mrs. Thrale was not a happy woman. In her "expressive eyes," which the newspapers celebrated, "sat a soul" capable of higher things than the world gave her to do. A clever woman, capable of shining in society, will like society; but to be soaked and drenched in it as she was; to be drawn daily from her children to the dinner-table, and in her strained repartee

and apt quotation to find all the domesticity her husband asked from her, was hard. At home in the glare of company, compliment that was in those days more fulsome than politeness now allows; true as steel to the interests and the pleasures of a man who did not love her, with whom, after years of marriage, she could not speak with familiar unrestraint; and out of doors open to all the prying of the newspapers; —surely it was a very hard life for the warm-hearted little woman, who could afterwards shut herself up in Wales with Piozzi, give up all pleasures to nurse his gout, when, with the quiet, fond musician paying her the best of compliments in a true love, and humming his tunes in one room, and with her litter of learned books, out of which she was composing a great treatise, in another room, she was blue stocking and woman too. Johnson, who was a good man, honoured her; he said she was "good in the last recesses of her mind." A great deal that was in those last recesses never was brought out of them, and part of what had come out was thrust back again. Thrale dead, and Piozzi dead, she kept her eightieth birthday with a ball, and herself led the dance. Both her husbands had believed firmly that she would die some sudden death, and after a manner the presentiment was true, since her death, at the age of eighty-one, was of the consequences of a fall.

Enough of who she was, and what she was, now let us finish with a string of anecdotes by or about her.

Mrs. Thrale's relation to Dr. Johnson appears to have originated in a desire to draw Johnson out of painful depths of an hypochondriac melancholy. He was first tempted to be more than a passing guest at Streatham. A bedroom was made his, for use whenever he chose to escape from his close lodgings in the Fleet-street court, and there was always ready for him a place of honour at Thrale's table. Once, on her birthday morning, Mrs. Thrale, recovered from serious illness, went into the Doctor's room, and said, "Nobody sends me any verses now, because I am five-and-thirty years old." Johnson instantly burst out in verse:

"Oft in danger, yet alive,
We are come to thirty-five;
Long may better years arrive,
Better years than thirty-five.
Could philosophers contrive
Life to stop at thirty-five,
Time his hours should never drive
O'er the bounds of thirty-five," &c. &c.

"And now," he said, when he had got to wife, "you may see what it is to come for poetry to a dictionary maker; you may observe that the rhymes run in alphabetical order exactly."

There has been questions as to the year of Mrs. Thrale's birth, a question only between two neighbouring years. Mrs. Thrale was not like the Lady Aldborough, who resolved never to own to more than twenty-five, and until the day of her death, at the age of eighty-five, had her passport

always made out for her as a young lady of five-and-twenty. She used to boast that whenever a foreign official objected, she never failed to silence him by the remark that he was the first gentleman of his country who ever told a lady she was older than she said she was.

Doctor Johnson gave sound advice as a friend in the affairs of the brewery, when they were embarrassed, ending one excellent note with these sentences: "Surely there is something to be saved; there is to be saved whatever is the difference between vigilance and neglect, between parsimony and profusion. The price of malt has risen again. It is now two pounds eight shillings the quarter. Ale is sold in the public-houses at sixpence a quart, a price which I never heard of before." This helps us to understand why Mr. Perkins hung up in the brewery counting-house a fine proof of the mezzotint of Doctor Johnson by Doughty. "Why do you put him up in the counting-house?" asked Mrs. Thrale, somewhat dippantly. Mr. Perkins answered, "Because, madam, I wish to have one wise man there." "Sir," said Johnson, "I thank you. It is a very handsome compliment, and I believe you speak sincerely."

Though slovenly in his own dress and short-sighted, the Doctor could detect the minutest fault in the dress or behaviour of the ladies whom he met. Says Mrs. Thrale, "I commended a young lady for her beauty and pretty behaviour one day, to whom I thought no objections could have been made." "I saw her," said Doctor Johnson, "take a pair of scissors in her left hand though; and for all her father is now become a nobleman, and you say excessively rich, I should, were I a youth of quality ten years hence, hesitate between a girl so neglected and a *nigro*." Another lady, whose accomplishments he never denied, came to our house one day covered with diamonds, feathers, &c., and he did not seem inclined to chat with her as usual. I asked him why when the company was gone. "Why, her head looked so like that of a woman who shows puppets," said he, "and her voice so confirmed the fancy, that I could not bear her to-day; when she wears a large cap, I can talk to her."

When Mrs. Thrale was a widow, the wits in the newspapers of course suggested Doctor Johnson, among others, for a second husband. She suspected Soame Jenyn to be the author of the following Johnsonian question:

Cervisial doctor's viduate dame,
Opinst thou this gigantick frame
Procumbung at thy shrine,
Shall, catinated by thy charms,
A captive in thy ambient arms
Perennially be thine?

Whitbread the brewer offered marriage to Thrale's widow, and was refused.

In a note by Mrs. Piozzi to Wraxall's *Memoirs of My Own Time*, we read of the unlucky courtesy of Queen Caroline towards a Derbyshire baronet, Sir Woolston Dixie. The queen, seeking to make friends before a reception, gathered facts relating to persons who would be

presented, on which she might find an agreeable allusion. She heard that Sir Woolston lived near Bosworth Field, but had not heard that the worthy baronet, a brutal and ignorant man, knew less of the fate of Richard the Third than of the ridicule he got in his own parish for having assaulted a tinker one day in crossing Bosworth Field, and made himself a local jest as hero of the Battle of Bosworth. Of all that the queen knew nothing, when she said with her blandest smile as he came up, "Oh, sir! it has been related to me your connexion with Bosworth Field and the memorable battle fought there." The gentleman's face reddened as he broke out with an indecorous vehemence of protestation that all her majesty had heard about that battle was a lie, and he would find a way to make those repeat it who had filled the ears of their sovereign with such gross nonsense. "God forgive my great sin!" cried the astonished princess; and Sir Woolston Dixie left the drawing-room in great agony of wrath.

BOYLE'S POINT OF VIEW.

IT is the fashion—and a very good fashion—to dwell on the benefits society has derived from various departments of science, and to show how many of the modern improvements in civilised society are due to scientific discovery. No doubt it would be difficult to exaggerate and tedious to recapitulate what we owe to science; but it may be more desirable, and is certainly more novel, to consider what we have a right to expect from it. Such an attempt would not be without precedent, for it happens that there exist materials from which we may clearly deduce—at least at one important epoch in modern history—what were the anticipations of reasonable men as to future discovery. We thus, as it were, place ourselves on an eminence far in the rear of our present position in science, and remembering the narrow limits within which knowledge was confined at the period alluded to, we may observe and trace what to men living at that time was the dim outline of the future, marking the direction which it then seemed likely that improvement would take, and the departments that seemed then to promise important discovery. What was the future two centuries ago, has long been the past in all matters of scientific interest, and we may thus compare the anticipation with the reality in a way not a little interesting, and well calculated to yield useful suggestions, if we would now look forward from the stand-point of existing science and honestly describe our impressions as to the future of the present generation.

We are indebted for the means of thus comparing a distant prospect and a mere anticipation with a clear knowledge of facts, to a man of no small eminence in his own day, who lived in England during the middle and latter part of the seventeenth century, and devoted himself to science as it then existed. This man was Robert Boyle, equally remarkable for his assiduity, his intelligence, and his honesty of purpose, and admirably adapted, in all respects, to know and judge in such a matter as that we are now considering.

Robert Boyle was born in 1626, the same year as that in which Lord Bacon died. He was the youngest son and fourteenth child of a celebrated statesman, commonly spoken of in his own day as the great Earl of Cork. All his elder brothers (six in number) became distinguished in public life, and he alone, of so large a family, not only declined to enter into the arena of politics, but refused a peerage, preferring to live quietly as a studious man. Boyle was not a man of genius. He was eminently a man of science, and he has left a reputation more abiding than any of his brethren, and is remembered among the worthies of England long after they and his father would have been forgotten but for his fame. He was one of the early followers of the Baconian philosophy, and therefore one of the noble band of pioneers in experimental science. He studied phenomena, proving and testing as far as he could by experiment the truth of theoretical views. He assisted others to come to satisfactory conclusions by his own accurate observations. He suggested and adopted original modes of ascertaining truth. He lived in troublesome and dangerous times, and appears to have had strong convictions on most subjects, but he was ever very moderate in the expression of his opinions, and in the highest sense of the word was an honest and straightforward man. His constitution was weakly, and though often writing on serious subjects, he had little taste for politics or polemics, but he seems never to have sacrificed his convictions for his personal comfort or convenience.

Boyle is described by his celebrated contemporary Boerhaave, as among the chief writers who, at that time, treated chemistry with a view to natural philosophy. "Such," writes this learned Dutchman, "is the extent of this admirable writer's fame, and such the honour he has done his age and nation in foreign countries, that his reputation will extend itself in the same proportion with true science, and his glory last as long as there shall subsist a true spirit of learning." It is also recorded of him that he not only relates his discoveries, but has stated in what he failed as well as in what he succeeded. "What he tried to no purpose prevents our making such trials again, what he tried with effect serves us as well as him, verifies his discoveries, and puts us in the road of making new ones."

There is something singularly pleasing in the modesty, combined with ingenuity, of these pioneers of science. They, for the most part, had to grope about at the door of scientific investigation, having little experience to guide them. If they erred, they might go egregiously wrong without being informed of it by any fellow-workman in the same department, for all were equally ignorant and equally blind. None dared to say that what was contrary to experience was contrary to nature, for experience was infinitely small, and nature was recognised as infinitely great and powerful.

Like the other hard working men of science of his day, Boyle was one of the earliest associates of the clubs, or societies of men pursuing researches among natural phenomena, and he was fully alive to the importance of association. He was an original promoter of the Royal Society, being one of the twelve who met after a lecture by Mr. (afterwards Sir) Christopher Wren, and at their meeting matured a plan for the constitution of the body which has since played so important a part in advancing natural knowledge.

The speciality of Boyle was chemistry—the chemistry of his day—with a liberal sprinkling of alchemy, mixed a good deal with mechanics, and not without a share of theological and metaphysical controversy. He would hardly have understood the chemistry of the present day, or the modern and comprehensive "Physics" towards which chemistry, astronomy, geology, and biology, all now converge; but still he did what he could. He helped both himself and others by pursuing, as far as possible, the narrow path of positive experiment—or if he wandered, as he occasionally did, into the realms of fancy, he did so knowingly, not carried away in spite of himself. He was by no means successful in speculation, but he accumulated and recorded a singular variety of facts.

The construction of the air-pump in its modern form, the discovery of the propagation of sound by the air, of the absorbing power of the atmosphere, of the elastic force and combustive power of steam, an approximation to the weight of the air, and the fact of the reciprocal attraction of electrified and non-electrified bodies, are among the discoveries due to Boyle. Truly, they are matters concerning any one of which it may be said that its discovery by experimental investigation is sufficient of itself to render a man of science famous.

But, besides these claims to respect, there are some curious essays and notices in the writings of Boyle, less known, but not less worthy of notice, and it is to these that we now wish to direct attention. One is entitled "Essays on men's great ignorance of the uses of natural things; or, that there is scarce any one thing in nature whereof the uses to human life are yet thoroughly understood." It may seem that this essay would be more applicable at the date of its publication than it is now, but it will be found still wonderfully true, although, as even the author remarks, it is a paradox that will not be very willingly admitted by most people. Very few of the works of nature have up to this time been sufficiently considered, or are thoroughly known even in their positive—to say nothing of their relative—properties.

In alluding to this singular essay, our first object will be to point out how many subjects brought forward by Boyle as remarkable in his day for being in a state of partial illustration, still remain in the same state. In many points of minute anatomy, for example, as in the relation of the brain to the various organs of sense, in the use of the *Pancreas* among the viscera, and in the gradual development of the chick from the

egg, there is still much to be learnt by the most profound thinker and the best observer.

Again, in natural philosophy, we have yet to determine the cause of the six-sided crystallisation of water in snow, the meaning of the dark spots that partially obscure the sun, the modifications of animal and vegetable life produced by differences of climate, and the reason why certain animals, reptiles, and insects, venomous in some countries, are less so, or not at all so, in others. These are all questions which attracted Boyle's attention, and about which we still have nearly everything to learn.

Our author mentions next the variations of the compass-needle as an unexplained fact, and although the multitude of observations and mass of facts recorded of late years on the subject of earth-magnetism, have tended to clear up much of the obscurity in reference to this subject, it is only those who have done most who know what and how numerous and important are still the desiderata.

On the subject of the sun's spots, the results of recent observation have actually tended to render the investigation of the subject more difficult, and laid bare a larger extent of ignorance as seeming to connect them with phenomena not previously suspected. Thirty years' daily observation of these spots by a patient German astronomer have shown that about every eleven years the groups of them have passed through a complete cycle. They have become larger and more numerous till they obtained a maximum, and then smaller and fewer till a minimum was reached, and then the same thing goes on over again. The variation of the magnetic needle has been found by series of observations carried on by persons who thought nothing of the sun's spots, to have also its period of increase and decrease. On comparing the two sets of observations, the cycle of the variation of the needle has been found to correspond with the maxima and minima of the spot cycle, while even magnetic storms producing auroras and disturbances of the magnetic needle are found to be periodic phenomena also corresponding, are conterminous with both these. Who shall now say where the mutual relations of terrestrial and celestial phenomena may end?

Another matter concerning which the ignorance that existed in the time of Boyle has not yet been dispersed, is expressed in the following paragraph: "There are quarries of solid and useful stone which is employed about some stately buildings I have seen and which yet is of such a nature, wherein divers other sorts of stone are said to resemble it, that though being digged at a certain season of the year it proves good and durable, yet employed at a wrong time it makes but ruinous buildings, as even the chief of those persons whose profession makes him more conversant with it has himself acknowledged to me to have been found by sad experience." We may be inclined to ask whether poor Sir Charles Barry could not have added to this experience, and have stated whether or not practical suggestions in regard to the selection of building stone

might not have been made, or if made, whether they have been adopted.

Next we find the composition of rays or beams proceeding from the sun and reflected from the earth, or terrestrial objects, and the decomposition of such rays, alluded to as an obscure subject. There is abundant room for experiment and discovery here also, for the pursuer of natural science, for the exact composition of bundles of the sun's rays is still an obscure subject.

The effects of extreme cold on different liquids, congealing certain parts and separating out portions having peculiar properties, is referred to as an unexplained phenomenon, and the peculiar thin oil thus obtained from freezing common oils, is particularly mentioned. There is much to be learnt still about the physical properties of extreme cold in producing a kind of partial decomposition, or, at least, a separation of compound substances hardly otherwise attainable; but the derivation of thin and unchanging oils from the common kinds is still a subject under experiment.

Our philosopher adds, "It would be not only tedious but almost endless to prosecute those instances that might be afforded by other more general and operative states and faculties of bodies. For not only motion and rest, fluidity and firmness, gravity and the like, have a more universal influence of natural things than even philosophers are wont to take notice of, but those less catholic affections of matter that are reckoned among but particular qualities, such as gravity and heat, may have so diffused an influence, and be applicable to so many differing purposes, that I doubt whether all the uses of that particular degree or pitch of heat that reigns in fire, will have all its uses discovered before the last great fire shall dissolve the frame of nature."

Boyle next considers that "external objects having certain mutual relations specially adapting them to each other and to human requirements," there may hereafter be found many more such relations than are now suspected. He illustrates this by the case of a lock and key, remarking that if either were existing by itself it could have no value, but if at any time the corresponding part were found, the use would be manifest. As special examples, he mentions the peculiar use of steel in the composition of a permanent magnetic needle, the peculiar uses of what is called sugar of lead, prepared by the action of common vinegar on metallic lead, the preparation of ammonia from animal offal, the uses of metallic oxides and salts for colouring glass and porcelain, the effect of particular colours on the temper and nervous irritability of certain animals, and many others. In all these cases the lock, represented by the natural compound substance or the result, has to be opened by the human contrivance, a key or explanation—*itself an artificial construction*—before we can obtain a satisfactory result.

This view of men's ignorance of the uses of natural things is illustrated further in modern

times by the numberless discoveries and applications that have been made since the days of Boyle, and that are constantly being made in almost every department of science, but perhaps more especially in chemistry and physics. Who, for example, could have expected that one important use of part of the rays that form a beam of light would be to produce a permanent image of any object presented to a surface prepared in a particular way. Certainly the marvels of photography exceed all that had been discovered when these essays were written, but their causes are not yet understood—hardly even suspected. Or who could have imagined that by the insulation of a copper wire with gutta percha, such wire could be safely passed through, and left at the bottom of deep water, and there conduct the electric fluid from one shore to another, remaining under the absolute control of the electrician at either end, who can pass a current through the wire or stop it at pleasure?

But it is needless to point out to the reader the numerous instances in which this peculiar fitness of certain things, existing in nature or prepared by man, comes in as the key to open the lock, and enable man to make use of the mysterious powers of nature and adapt nature to his own purposes.

Other examples of men's previous ignorance in the uses of natural things are seen when altogether new and unexpected properties are found by combining together, for the obtaining of a useful result, various substances long employed for other purposes, and having properties altogether distinct. Here, again, so much has already been done that we may well suppose much yet remains to be discovered. Thus, by mixing tin, which is not at all sonorous, with copper, which is not much more so, we obtain an alloy which, when cast into bells, is harder, and wonderfully more sonorous than either. Or as a very simple but complete illustration, who could have anticipated the production of a salt by mixing an acid with an alkali, or of glass by melting sand with soda?

A fourth illustration of the subject is obtained by considering how often we discover altogether distinct uses of substances when they are prepared in some way different from that generally adopted. Thus, iron, by the help of fire and water, may be adapted for various purposes, some requiring hardness with brittleness, some toughness, some temper, and other qualities. The various uses of paper for picture-frames, embossed work, and furniture, are instances given by Boyle under this head, and he describes a method of preparation for these results. The use of the shreds of leather for making glue, the manufacture of ivory black from ivory and of the fine membrane prepared from the intestines of the ox—"all these," says Boyle, "are such as either nature herself, or nature assisted by tradesmen, has presented us." And, therefore, unquestionless, the power that a skilful management may have to produce great changes in bodies and thereby fit them for new uses, will be much advanced when they shall be ordered

by such as are good chemists, or dexterous at mechanical and mathematico-mechanical contrivances, especially when these concur.

And, lastly, there are many much more complicated combinations that may be effected by those who are well acquainted with the laws of nature, by introducing substances apparently inert, and having nothing to do with the operation required. The composition of gunpowder, wherein the mutual action of salt-petre, sulphur, and charcoal, have to be brought about, is mentioned as one example, and a method of gilding iron by previously coating it with copper in order to bring into use the ordinary amalgam, is another.

Many more and some very apt illustrations are given to prove that where so much has been done and learnt, much more must remain still unlearnt in economising the resources of nature.

And, certainly, this consideration of men's ignorance in the uses of natural things is well shown by reminding us how useful certain natural things are, and yet how few natural or possible combinations we do after all avail ourselves of, compared with those altogether neglected.

It is an excellent lesson, to be reminded now and then of what we owe to experimental philosophy, to be told how much of the material advance of society is really due to the man of science who labours with the intellect and not with the hand, how much the hands require the head, and how mutually dependent are all parts and members of society. We are thus taught that none is in a position to despise any other who may be working in his own sphere, whatever that sphere may be. There is not only room for all, but all are useful and all are wanted. There is already, no doubt, a wide and increasing and an intelligent use of natural things, and all of us profit by that use, but there also still remains a great ignorance concerning the infinite resources of nature, and whoever he may be who endeavours to clear up any of that ignorance and suggest a new use for a known material, or a use for a material hitherto unemployed, deserves well of his country and of society. In this respect, we trust our readers will agree, that a due consideration of the desiderata of science, as suggested by Robert Boyle, is a subject well worthy of being followed up in our own times.

To come back to our original illustration, that of a person regarding modern science from the distance of two centuries, comparing the then prospect with the actual realisation, it will perhaps appear that we really have not in modern times so very much to boast of. That we have done much, and cleared away many doubts and difficulties, is no doubt true, but mists still hang over all, or nearly all, the subjects then obscure, and though we see now many new promises of important discovery, we are not perhaps clearing the way as we advance quite so completely as might be wished. The fact is, that the class of human intellect required to bring into distinct relation a multitude of observations and determined facts is of the rarest kind, and has not been vouchsafed in more than a few in-

stances since man first inhabited the earth. Bacons and Newtons and Aristotles do not arise every century, and the Newton of many modern departments of knowledge has not yet appeared. Such master-minds alone originate new landmarks in science, and without them the most we can expect is a clouded outline of nature's meaning.

MEMOIRS OF AN ADOPTED SON.

I.

CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH PRECEDED HIS BIRTH.

TOWARDS the beginning of the eighteenth century, there stood on a rock in the sea, near a fishing village on the coast of Brittany, a ruined Tower with a very bad reputation. No mortal was known to have inhabited it within the memory of living man. The one tenant whom Tradition associated with the occupation of the place, at a remote period, had moved into it from the infernal regions, nobody knew why—had lived in it, nobody knew how long—and had quitted possession, nobody knew when. Under such circumstances, nothing was more natural than that this unearthly Individual should give a name to his residence. For which reason, the building was thereafter known to all the neighbourhood round as Satanstower.

Early in the year seventeen hundred, the inhabitants of the village were startled, one night, by seeing the red gleam of a fire in the Tower, and by smelling, in the same direction, a preternaturally strong odour of fried fish. The next morning, the fishermen who passed by the building in their boats, were amazed to find that a stranger had taken up his abode in it. Judging of him at a distance, he seemed to be a fine tall stout fellow: he was dressed in fisherman's costume, and he had a new boat of his own, moored comfortably in a cleft of the rock. If he had inhabited a place of decent reputation, his neighbours would have immediately made his acquaintance—but, under existing circumstances, all they could venture to do was to watch him in silence.

The first day passed, and, though it was fine weather, he made no use of his boat. The second day followed, with a continuance of the fine weather, and still he was as idle as before. On the third day, a violent storm kept all the boats of the village on the beach—and, in the midst of the tempest, away went the man of the Tower to make his first fishing experiment in strange waters! He and his boat came back safe and sound, in a lull of the storm; and the villagers watching on the cliff above, saw him carrying the fish up, by great basketfuls, to his Tower. No such haul had ever fallen to the lot of any one of them—and the stranger had taken it in a whole gale of wind!

Upon this, the inhabitants of the village called a council. The lead in the debate was assumed by a smart young fellow, a fisherman named Poulailler, who declared that the stranger at the Tower was of infernal origin, and boldly

denounced him before the whole meeting as a Fiend-Fisherman.

The opinion thus expressed, proved to be the opinion of the entire audience—with the one exception of the village priest. The priest said, “Gently, my sons. Don’t make sure about the man of the Tower, before Sunday. Wait and see if he comes to church.”

“And if he doesn’t come to church?” asked all the fishermen, in a breath.

“In that case,” replied the priest, “I will excommunicate him—and then, my children, you may call him what you like.”

Sunday came; and no sign of the stranger darkened the church-doors. He was excommunicated, accordingly. The whole village forthwith adopted Poulailler’s idea; and called the man of the Tower by the name which Poulailler had given him—“The Fiend-Fisherman.”

These strong proceedings produced not the slightest apparent effect on the diabolical personage who had occasioned them. He persisted in remaining idle when the weather was fine; in going out to fish when no other boat in the place dare put to sea; and in coming back again to his solitary dwelling-place, with his nets full, his boat uninjured, and himself alive and hearty. He made no attempts to buy and sell with anybody; he kept steadily away from the village; he lived on fish of his own preternaturally strong frying; and he never spoke to a living soul—with the solitary exception of Poulailler himself. One fine evening, when the young man was rowing home past the Tower, the Fiend-Fisherman darted out on to the rock—said, “Thank you, Poulailler, for giving me a name”—bowed politely—and darted in again. The young fisherman felt the words run cold down the marrow of his back; and whenever he was at sea again, he gave the Tower a wide berth from that day forth.

Time went on—and an important event occurred in Poulailler’s life. He was engaged to be married. On the day when his betrothal was publicly made known, his friends clustered noisily about him on the fishing-jetty of the village to offer their congratulations. While they were all in full cry, a strange voice suddenly made itself heard through the confusion, which silenced everybody in an instant. The crowd fell back, and disclosed the Fiend-Fisherman sauntering up the jetty. It was the first time he had ever set foot—cloven foot—within the precincts of the village.

“Gentlemen,” said the Fiend-Fisherman, “where is my friend, Poulailler?” He put the question with perfect politeness; he looked remarkably well in his fisherman’s costume; he exhaled, in the most appetising manner, a relishing odour of fried fish; he had a cordial nod for the men, and a sweet smile for the women—but, with all these personal advantages, everybody fell back from him, and nobody answered his question. The coldness of the popular reception, however, did not in any way abash him. He looked about for Poulailler with searching eyes, discovered the place in which he was

standing, and addressed him in the friendliest manner.

“So you are going to be married?” remarked the Fiend-Fisherman.

“What’s that to you?” said Poulailler. He was inwardly terrified, but outwardly gruff—not an uncommon combination of circumstances with men of his class, in his mental situation.

“My friend,” pursued the Fiend-Fisherman, “I have not forgotten your polite attention in giving me a name; and I come here to requite it. You will have a family, Poulailler; and your first child will be a boy. I propose to make that boy my Adopted Son.”

The marrow of Poulailler’s back became awfully cold—but he grew gruffer than ever, in spite of his back.

“You won’t do anything of the sort,” he replied. “If I have the largest family in France, no child of mine shall ever go near you.”

“I shall adopt your first-born for all that,” persisted the Fiend-Fisherman. “Poulailler! I wish you good morning. Ladies and gentlemen! the same to all of you.”

With those words, he withdrew from the jetty; and the marrow of Poulailler’s back recovered its temperature.

The next morning was stormy; and all the village expected to see the boat from the Tower put out, as usual, to sea. Not a sign of it appeared. Later in the day, the rock on which the building stood was examined from a distance. Neither boat nor nets were in their customary places. At night the red gleam of the fire was missed for the first time. The Fiend-Fisherman had gone! He had announced his intentions on the jetty, and had disappeared. What did this mean? Nobody knew.

On Poulailler’s wedding-day, a portentous circumstance recalled the memory of the diabolical stranger, and, as a matter of course, seriously discomposed the bridegroom’s back. At the moment when the marriage ceremony was complete, a relishing odour of fried fish stole into the nostrils of the company, and a voice from invisible lips said: “Keep up your spirits, Poulailler; I have not forgotten my promise!”

A year later, Madame Poulailler was confined, and a repetition of the portentous circumstance took place. Poulailler was waiting in the kitchen to hear how matters ended up-stairs. The nurse came in with a baby. “Which is it?” asked the happy father; “girl or boy?” Before the nurse could answer, an odour of supernaturally fried fish filled the kitchen; and a voice from invisible lips replied: “A boy, Poulailler—and I’ve got him!”

Such were the circumstances under which the subject of this Memoir was introduced to the joys and sorrows of mortal existence.

II.

HIS BOYHOOD AND EARLY LIFE.

WHEN a boy is born under auspices which lead his parents to suppose that, while the bodily part of him is safe at home, the spiritual part is

subjected to a course of infernal tuition elsewhere—what are his father and mother to do with him? They must do the best they can—which was exactly what Poulailler and his wife did with the hero of these pages.

In the first place, they had him christened instantly. It was observed with horror that his infant face was distorted with grimaces, and that his infant voice roared with a preternatural lustiness of tone the moment the priest touched him. The first thing he asked for, when he learnt to speak, was “fried fish;” and the first place he wanted to go to, when he learnt to walk, was the diabolical Tower on the rock. “He won’t learn anything,” said the master, when he was old enough to go to school. “Thrash him,” said Poulailler—and the master thrashed him. “He won’t come to his first communion,” said the priest. “Thrash him,” said Poulailler—and the priest thrashed him. The farmers’ orchards were robbed; the neighbouring rabbit-warrens were depopulated; linen was stolen from the gardens, and nets were torn on the beach. “The deuce take Poulailler’s boy,” was the general cry. “The deuce has got him,” was Poulailler’s answer. “And yet he is a nice-looking boy,” said Madame Poulailler. And he was—as tall, as strong, as handsome a young fellow, as could be seen in all France. “Let us pray for him,” said Madame Poulailler. “Let us thrash him,” said her husband. “Our son has been thrashed till all the sticks in the neighbourhood are broken,” pleaded his mother. “We will try him with the rope’s-end next,” retorted his father; “he shall go to sea and live in an atmosphere of thrashing. Our son shall be cabin-boy.” It was all one to Poulailler Junior—he knew as well as his father who had adopted him—he had been instinctively conscious from infancy of the Fiend-Fisherman’s interest in his welfare—he cared for no earthly discipline—and a cabin-boy he became at ten years old.

After two years of the rope’s-end (applied quite ineffectually), the subject of this Memoir robbed his captain, and ran away in an English port. London became the next scene of his adventures. At twelve years old, he persuaded society in the Metropolis that he was the forsaken natural son of a French duke. British benevolence, after blindly providing for him for four years, opened its eyes and found him out at the age of sixteen; upon which he returned to France, and entered the army in the capacity of drummer. At eighteen, he deserted, and had a turn with the gipsies. He told fortunes, he conjured, he danced on the tight-rope, he acted, he sold quack medicines, he altered his mind again, and returned to the army. Here he fell in love with the vivandière of his new regiment. The sergeant-major of the company, touched by the same amiable weakness, naturally resented his attentions to the lady. Poulailler (perhaps unjustifiably) asserted himself by boxing his officer’s ears. Out flashed the swords on both sides, and in went Poulailler’s blade through and through the tender heart of the sergeant-

major. The frontier was close at hand. Poulailler wiped his sword, and crossed it.

Sentence of death was recorded against him in his absence. When society has condemned us to die, if we are men of any spirit how are we to return the compliment? By condemning society to keep us alive—or, in other words, by robbing right and left for a living. Poulailler’s destiny was now accomplished. He was picked out to be the Greatest Thief of his age; and when Fate summoned him to his place in the world, he stepped forward and took it. His life hitherto had been merely the life of a young scamp—he was now to do justice to the diabolical father who had adopted him, and to expand to the proportions of a full-grown Robber.

His first exploits were performed in Germany. They showed such novelty of combination, such daring, such dexterity, and, even in his most homicidal moments, such irresistible gaiety and good humour, that a band of congenial spirits gathered about him in no time. As commander-in-chief of the Thieves’ army, his popularity never wavered. His weaknesses—and what illustrious man is without them?—were three in number. First weakness—he was extravagantly susceptible to the charms of the fair sex. Second weakness—he was perilously fond of practical jokes. Third weakness (inherited from his adopted parent)—his appetite was insatiable in the matter of fried fish. As for the merits to set against these defects, some have been noticed already, and others will appear immediately. Let it merely be premised, in this place, that he was one of the handsomest men of his time, that he dressed superbly, and that he was capable of the most exalted acts of generosity wherever a handsome woman was concerned—let this be understood, to begin with; and let us now enter on the narrative of his last exploit in Germany before he returned to France. This adventure is something more than a mere specimen of his method of workmanship—it proved, in the future, to be the fatal event of his life.

On a Monday in the week, he had stopped on the highway, and robbed of all his valuables and all his papers, an Italian nobleman—the Marquis Petrucci of Sienna. On Tuesday, he was ready for another stroke of business. Posted on the top of a steep hill, he watched the road which wound up to the summit on one side, while his followers were ensconced on the road which led down from it on the other. The prize expected, in this case, was the travelling carriage (with a large sum of money inside) of the Baron de Kir bergen.

Before long, Poulailler discerned the carriage afar off, at the bottom of the hill, and in advance of it, ascending the eminence, two ladies on foot. They were the Baron’s daughters—Wilhelmina, a fair beauty; Frederica, a brunette—both lovely, both accomplished, both susceptible, both young. Poulailler sauntered down the hill to meet the fascinating travellers. He looked—bowed—introduced himself—and fell in love with Wilhelmina on the spot. Both the charming girls acknowledged in the most artless

manner that confinement to the carriage had given them the fidgets, and that they were walking up the hill to try the remedy of gentle exercise. Poulailleur's heart was touched, and Poulailleur's generosity to the sex was roused in the nick of time. With a polite apology to the young ladies, he ran back, by a short cut, to the ambush on the other side of the hill in which his men were posted. "Gentlemen!" cried the generous Thief, "in the charming name of Wilhelmina de Kirbergen, I charge you all, let the Baron's carriage pass free." The band was not susceptible—the band demurred. Poulailleur knew them. He had appealed to their hearts in vain—he now appealed to their pockets. "Gentlemen!" he resumed, "excuse my momentary misconception of your sentiments. Here is my one half share of the Marquis Petrucci's property. If I divide it among you, will you let the carriage pass free?" The band knew the value of money—and accepted the terms. Poulailleur rushed back up the hill, and arrived at the top just in time to hand the young ladies into the carriage. "Charming man!" said the white Wilhelmina to the brown Frederica, as they drove off. Innocent soul! what would she have said if she had known that her personal attractions had saved her father's property? Was she ever to see the charming man again? Yes: she was to see him the next day—and, more than that, Fate was hereafter to link her fast to the robber's life and the robber's doom.

Confiding the direction of the band to his first lieutenant, Poulailleur followed the carriage on horseback; and ascertained the place of the Baron's residence that night.

The next morning a superbly-dressed stranger knocked at the door. "What name, sir?" said the servant. "The Marquis Petrucci of Sienna," replied Poulailleur. "How are the young ladies after their journey?" The Marquis was shown in, and introduced to the Baron. The Baron was naturally delighted to receive a brother nobleman—Miss Wilhelmina was modestly happy to see the charming man again—Miss Frederica was affectionately pleased on her sister's account. Not being of a disposition to lose time where his affections were concerned, Poulailleur expressed his sentiments to the beloved object that evening. The next morning he had an interview with the Baron, at which he produced the papers which proved him to be the Marquis. Nothing could be more satisfactory to the mind of the most anxious parent—the two noblemen embraced. They were still in each other's arms, when a second stranger knocked at the door. "What name, sir?" said the servant. "The Marquis Petrucci of Sienna," replied the stranger. "Impossible!" said the servant; "his lordship is now in the house." "Show me in, scoundrel," cried the visitor. The servant submitted, and the two Marquises stood face to face. Poulailleur's composure was not shaken in the least; he had come first to the house, and he had got the papers. "You are the villain who robbed me!" cried the true Petrucci. "You

are drunk, mad, or an impostor," retorted the false Petrucci. "Send to Florence, where I am known," exclaimed one of the Marquises, apostrophising the Baron. "Send to Florence by all means," echoed the other, addressing himself to the Baron also. "Gentlemen," replied the noble Kirbergen, "I will do myself the honour of taking of your advice"—and he sent to Florence accordingly.

Before the messenger had advanced ten miles on his journey, Poulailleur had said two words in private to the susceptible Wilhelmina—and the pair eloped from the baronial residence that night. Once more the subject of this Memoir crossed the frontier and re-entered France. Indifferent to the attractions of rural life, he forthwith established himself with the beloved object in Paris. In that superb city he met with his strangest adventures, performed his boldest achievements, committed his most prodigious robberies, and, in a word, did himself and his infernal patron the fullest justice, in the character of the Fiend-Fisherman's Adopted Son.

III.

HIS CAREER IN PARIS.

ONCE established in the French metropolis, Poulailleur planned and executed that vast system of perpetual robbery and occasional homicide which made him the terror and astonishment of all Paris. In-doors, as well as out, his good fortune befriended him. No domestic anxieties harassed his mind and diverted him from the pursuit of his distinguished public career. The attachment of the charming creature with whom he had eloped from Germany survived the discovery that the Marquis Petrucci was Poulailleur the robber. True to the man of her choice, the devoted Wilhelmina shared his fortunes, and kept his house. And why not, if she loved him?—in the name of Cupid, why not?

Joined by picked men from his German followers, and by new recruits gathered together in Paris, Poulailleur now set society and its safeguards at flat defiance. Cartouche himself was his inferior in audacity and cunning. In course of time the whole city was panic-stricken by the new robber and his band—the very Boulevards were deserted after nightfall. Monsieur Héault, lieutenant of police of the period, in despair of laying hands on Poulailleur by any other means, at last offered a reward of a hundred pistoles and a place in his office worth two thousand livres a year to any one who would apprehend the robber alive. The bills were posted all over Paris—and, the next morning, they produced the very last result in the world which the lieutenant of police could possibly have anticipated.

Whilst Monsieur Héault was at breakfast in his study, the Count de Villeneuve was announced as wishing to speak to him. Knowing the Count by name only, as belonging to an ancient family in Provence, or in Languedoc, Monsieur Héault ordered him to be shown in. A perfect gentleman appeared, dressed with an

admirable mixture of magnificence and good taste. "I have something for your private ear, sir," said the Count. "Will you give orders that no one must be allowed to disturb us?" Monsieur Hérault gave the orders. "May I inquire, Count, what your business is?" he asked, when the door was closed. "To earn the reward you offer for taking Poulailler," answered the Count. "I am Poulailler." Before Monsieur Hérault could open his lips, the robber produced a pretty little dagger and some rose-coloured silk cord. "The point of this dagger is poisoned," he observed; "and one scratch with it, my dear sir, would be the death of you." With these words, Poulailler gagged the lieutenant of police, bound him to his chair with the rose-coloured cord, and lightened his writing-desk of one thousand pistoles. "I'll take money down, instead of taking the place in the office which you kindly offer," said Poulailler. "Don't trouble yourself to see me to the door. Good morning!"

A few weeks later, while Monsieur Hérault was still the popular subject of ridicule throughout Paris, business took Poulailler on the road to Lille and Cambrai. The only inside passenger in the coach besides himself was the venerable Dean Potter, of Brussels. They fell into talk on the one interesting subject of the time—not the weather, but Poulailler. "It's a disgrace, sir, to the police," said the Dean, "that such a miscreant is still at large. I shall be returning to Paris, by this road, in ten days' time, and I shall call on Monsieur Hérault, to suggest a plan of my own for catching the scoundrel." "May I ask what it is," said Poulailler. "Excuse me," replied the Dean; "you are a stranger, sir,—and, moreover, I wish to keep the merit of suggesting the plan to myself." "Do you think the lieutenant of police will see you," asked Poulailler; "he is not accessible to strangers, since the miscreant you speak of played him that trick at his own breakfast-table." "He will see Dean Potter, of Brussels," was the reply, delivered with the slightest possible tinge of offended dignity. "Oh, unquestionably!" said Poulailler, "pray pardon me." "Willingly, sir," said the Dean—and the conversation flowed into other channels.

Nine days later the wounded pride of Monsieur Hérault was soothed by a very remarkable letter. It was signed by one of Poulailler's band, who offered himself as King's evidence, in the hope of obtaining a pardon. The letter stated, that the venerable Dean Potter had been waylaid and murdered by Poulailler, and that the robber, with his customary audacity, was about to re-enter Paris by the Lisle coach, the next day, disguised in the Dean's own clothes, and furnished with the Dean's own papers. Monsieur Hérault took his precautions without losing a moment. Picked men were stationed, with their orders, at the barrier through which the coach must pass to enter Paris; while the lieutenant of police waited at his office, in the company of two French gentlemen who could speak to the Dean's identity, in

the event of Poulailler's impudently persisting in the assumption of his victim's name. At the appointed hour, the coach appeared, and out of it got a man in the Dean's costume. He was arrested in spite of his protestations; the papers of the murdered Potter were found on him, and he was dragged off to the police office in triumph. The door opened, and the posse comitatus entered with the prisoner. Instantly the two witnesses burst out with a cry of recognition, and turned indignantly on the lieutenant of police. "Gracious Heaven, sir, what have you done!" they exclaimed in horror; "this is not Poulailler—here is our venerable friend; here is the Dean himself! At the same moment, a servant entered with a letter. "Dear Potter. To the care of Monsieur Hérault, Lieutenant of Police." The letter was expressed in these words: "Venerable sir,—Profit by the lesson I have given you. Be a Christian for the future, and never again try to injure a man unless he tries to injure you. Entirely yours, Poulailler."

These feats of cool audacity were matched by others, in which his generosity to the sex asserted itself as magnanimously as ever.

Hearing, one day, that large sums of money were kept in the house of a great lady, one Madame de Brienne, whose door was guarded, in anticipation of a visit from the famous thief, by a porter of approved trustworthiness and courage, Poulailler undertook to rob her, in spite of her precautions, and succeeded. With a stout pair of leather straps and buckles in his pocket, and with two of his band, disguised as a coachman and footman, he followed Madame de Brienne one night to the theatre. Just before the close of the performance, the lady's coachman and footman were tempted away for five minutes by Poulailler's disguised subordinates to have a glass of wine. No attempt was made to detain them, or to drug their liquor. But, in their absence, Poulailler had slipped under the carriage, had hung his leather straps round the pole—one to hold by, and one to support his feet—and, with these simple preparations, was now ready to wait for events. Madame de Brienne entered the carriage—the footman got up behind—Poulailler hung himself horizontally under the pole, and was driven home with them, under those singular circumstances. He was strong enough to keep his position, after the carriage had been taken into the coach-house; and he only left it when the doors were locked for the night. Provided with food beforehand, he waited patiently, hidden in the coach-house, for two days and nights, watching his opportunity of getting into Madame de Brienne's boudoir.

On the third night, the lady went to a grand ball—the servants relaxed in their vigilance while her back was turned—and Poulailler slipped into the room. He found two thousand louis d'ors, which was nothing like the sum he expected; and a pocket-book, which he took away with him to open at home. It contained some stock-warrants for a comparatively trifling amount. Poulailler was far too well off to care about taking them; and far too polite, where a

lady was concerned, not to send them back again, under those circumstances. Accordingly, Madame de Brienne received her warrants with a note of apology from the polite thief. "Pray excuse my visit to your charming boudoir," wrote Poulailler, "in consideration of the false reports of your wealth, which alone induced me to enter it. If I had known what your pecuniary circumstances really were, on the honour of a gentleman, Madam, I should have been incapable of robbing you. I cannot return your two thousand louis d'ors by post, as I return your warrants. But if you are at all pressed for money in future, I shall be proud to assist so distinguished a lady by lending her, from my own ample resources, double the sum of which I regret to have deprived her on the present occasion." This letter was shown to royalty at Versailles. It excited the highest admiration of the Court—especially of the ladies. Whenever the robber's name was mentioned, they indulgently referred to him as the Chevalier de Poulailler. Ah! that was the age of politeness, when good-breeding was recognised, even in a thief. Under similar circumstances, who would recognise it now? O tempora! O mores!

On another occasion, Poulailler was out, one night, taking the air and watching his opportunities on the roofs of the houses; a member of the band being posted in the street below to assist him in case of necessity. While in this position, sobs and groans proceeding from an open back-garret window caught his ear. A parapet rose before the window, which enabled him to climb down and look in. Starving children surrounding a helpless mother, and clamouring for food, was the picture that met his eye. The mother was young and beautiful; and Poulailler's hand impulsively clutched his purse, as a necessary consequence. Before the charitable thief could enter by the window, a man rushed in by the door, with a face of horror; and cast a handful of gold into the lovely mother's lap. "My honour is gone," he cried; "but our children are saved! Listen to the circumstances. I met a man in the street below; he was tall and thin; he had a green patch over one eye; he was looking up suspiciously at this house, apparently waiting for somebody. I thought of you—I thought of the children—I seized the suspicious stranger by the collar. Terror overwhelmed him on the spot. 'Take my watch, my money, and my two valuable gold snuff-boxes,' he said—but spare my life.' I took them." "Noble-hearted man!" cried Poulailler, appearing at the window. The husband started; the wife screamed; the children hid themselves. "Let me entreat you to be composed," continued Poulailler. "Sir! I enter on the scene, for the purpose of soothing your uneasy conscience. From your vivid description, I recognise the man whose property is now in your wife's lap. Resume your mental tranquillity. You have robbed a robber—is other words, you have vindicated society. Accept my congratulations on your restored inno-

cence. The miserable coward whose collar you seized is one of Poulailler's band. He has lost his stolen property, as the fit punishment for his disgraceful want of spirit." "Who are you?" exclaimed the husband. "I am Poulailler," replied the illustrious man, with the simplicity of an ancient hero. "Take this purse; and set up in business with the contents. There is a prejudice, sir, in favour of honesty. Give that prejudice a chance. There was a time when I felt it myself; I regret to feel it no longer. Under all varieties of misfortune, an honest man has his consolation still left. Where is it left? Here!" He struck his heart—and the family fell on their knees before him. "Benefactor of your species!" cried the husband—"how can I show my gratitude?" "You can permit me to kiss the hand of madame," answered Poulailler. Madame started to her feet, and embraced the generous stranger. "What else can I do?" exclaimed this lovely woman eagerly—"Oh, Heavens! what else?" "You can beg your husband to light me down stairs," replied Poulailler. He spoke, pressed their hands, dropped a generous tear, and departed. At that touching moment, his own adopted father would not have known him.

This last anecdote closes the record of Poulailler's career in Paris. The lighter and more agreeable aspects of that career have hitherto been designedly presented, in discreet remembrance of the contrast which the tragic side of the picture must now present. Comedy and Sentiment, twin sisters of French extraction, farewell! Horror enters next on the stage—and enters welcome, in the name of the Fiend-Fisherman's Adopted Son.

IV.

HIS EXIT FROM THE SCENE.

THE nature of Poulailler's more serious achievements in the art of robbery may be realised by reference to one terrible fact. In the police records of the period, more than one hundred and fifty men and women are reckoned up as having met their deaths at the hands of Poulailler and his band. It was not the practice of this formidable robber to take life as well as property, unless life happened to stand directly in his way—in which case, he immediately swept off the obstacle without hesitation and without remorse. His deadly determination to rob, which was thus felt by the population in general, was matched by his deadly determination to be obeyed, which was felt by his followers in particular. One of their number, for example, having withdrawn from his allegiance, and having afterwards attempted to betray his leader, was tracked to his hiding-place in a cellar, and was there walled up alive in Poulailler's presence; the robber composing the unfortunate wretch's epitaph, and scratching it on the wet plaster with his own hand. Years afterwards, the inscription was noticed, when the house fell into the possession of a new tenant, and was supposed to be nothing more than one of the many jests which the famous

robber had practised in his time. When the plaster was removed, the skeleton fell out, and testified that Poulailler was in earnest.

To attempt the arrest of such a man as this by tampering with his followers, was practically impossible. No sum of money that could be offered would induce any one of the members of his band to risk the fatal chance of his vengeance. Other means of getting possession of him had been tried, and tried in vain. Five times over, the police had succeeded in tracking him to different hiding-places; and on all five occasions, the women—who adored him for his gallantry, his generosity, and his good looks—had helped him to escape. If he had not unconsciously paved the way to his own capture, first by eloping with Mademoiselle Wilhelmina de Kirbergen, and secondly by maltreating her, it is more than doubtful whether the long arm of the law would ever have reached far enough to fasten its grasp on him. As it was, the extremes of love and hatred met at last in the bosom of the devoted Wilhelmina; and the vengeance of a neglected woman accomplished what the whole police force of Paris had been powerless to achieve.

Poulailler, never famous for the constancy of his attachments, had wearied at an early period of the companion of his flight from Germany—but Wilhelmina was one of those women whose affections, once aroused, will not take No for an answer. She persisted in attaching herself to a man who had ceased to love her. Poulailler's patience became exhausted; he tried twice to rid himself of his unhappy mistress—once by the knife and once by poison—and failed on both occasions. For the third and last time, by way of attempting an experiment of another kind, he established a rival to drive the German woman out of the house. From that moment his fate was sealed. Maddened by jealous rage, Wilhelmina cast the last fragments of her fondness to the winds. She secretly communicated with the police—and Poulailler met his doom.

A night was appointed with the authorities; and the robber was invited by his discarded mistress to a farewell interview. His contemptuous confidence in her fidelity rendered him careless of his customary precautions. He accepted the appointment; and the two supped together, on the understanding that they were henceforth to be friends, and nothing more. Towards the close of the meal, Poulailler was startled by a ghastly change in the face of his companion.

"What is wrong with you?" he asked.

"A mere trifle," she answered, looking at her glass of wine. "I can't help loving you still, badly as you have treated me. You are a dead man, Poulailler—and I shall not survive you."

The robber started to his feet, and seized a knife on the table.

"You have poisoned me!" he exclaimed.

"No," she replied. "Poison is my vengeance on myself; not my vengeance on *you*. You will rise from this table as you sat down to it. But your evening will be finished in prison; and your life will be ended on the Wheel."

As she spoke the words, the door was burst open by the police, and Poulailler was secured. The same night the poison did its fatal work; and his mistress made atonement with her life for the first, last, act of treachery which had revenged her on the man she loved.

Once safely lodged in the hands of justice, the robber tried to gain time to escape in, by promising to make important disclosures. The manœuvre availed him nothing. In those days, the Laws of the Land had not yet made acquaintance with the Laws of Humanity. Poulailler was put to the torture—was suffered to recover—was publicly broken on the Wheel—and was taken off it alive, to be cast into a blazing fire. By those murderous means, Society rid itself of a murderous man—and the idlers on the Boulevards took their evening stroll again in recovered security.

Paris had seen the execution of Poulailler—but, if legends are to be trusted, our old friends, the people of the fishing village in Brittany, saw the end of him afterwards. On the day and hour when he perished, the heavens darkened, and a terrible storm arose. Once more, and for a moment only, the gleam of the unearthly fire reddened the windows of the old Tower. Thunder pealed and struck the building into fragments. Lightning flashed incessantly over the ruins; and, in the scorching glare of it, the boat which, in former years, had put off to sea whenever the storm rose highest, was seen to shoot out into the raging ocean from the cleft in the rock—and was discovered, on this final occasion, to be doubly manned. The Fiend Fisherman sat at the helm; his Adopted Son tugged at the oars; and a clamour of diabolical voices, roaring awfully through the roaring storm, wished the pair of them a prosperous voyage.

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